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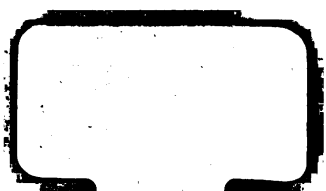
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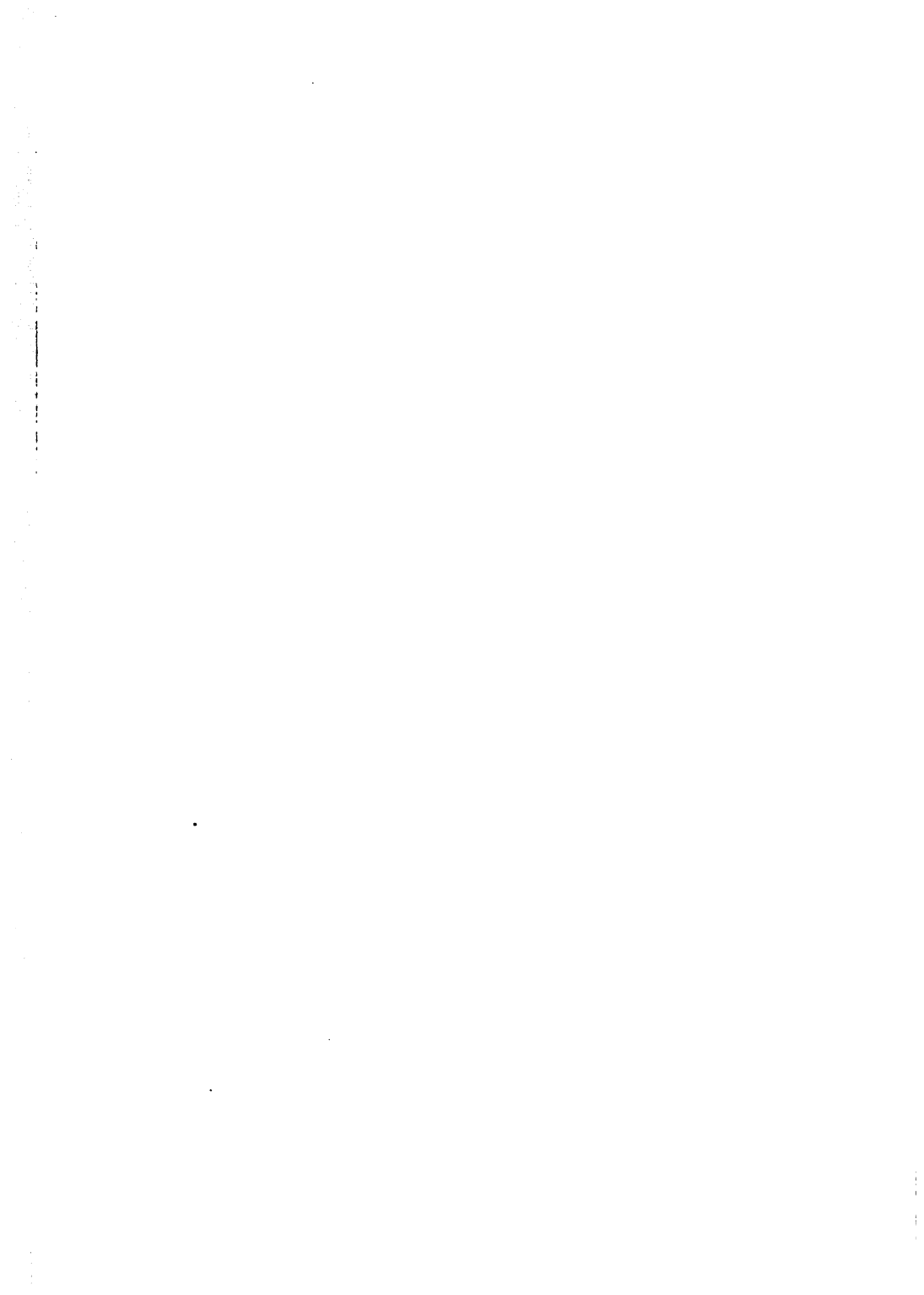
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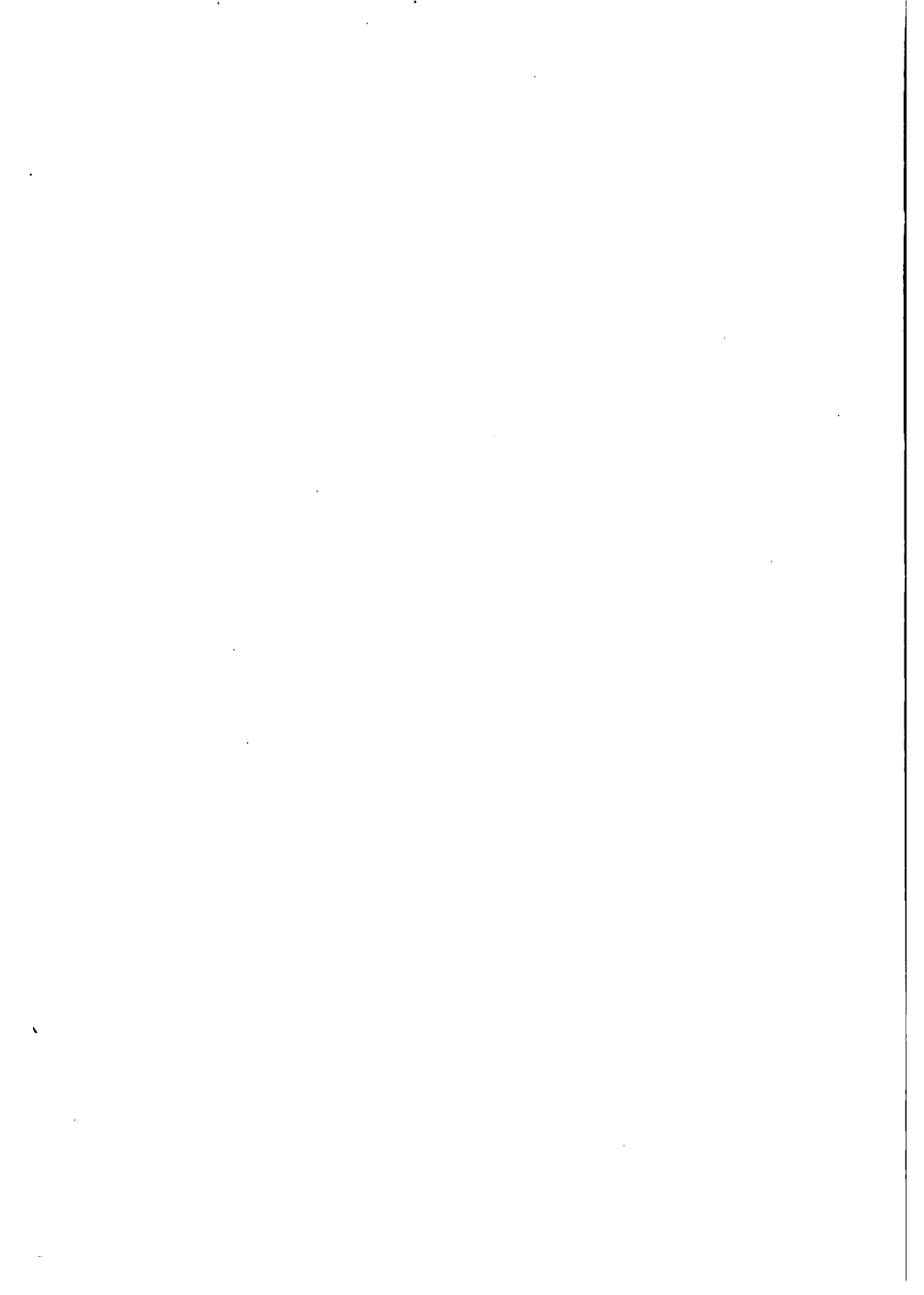
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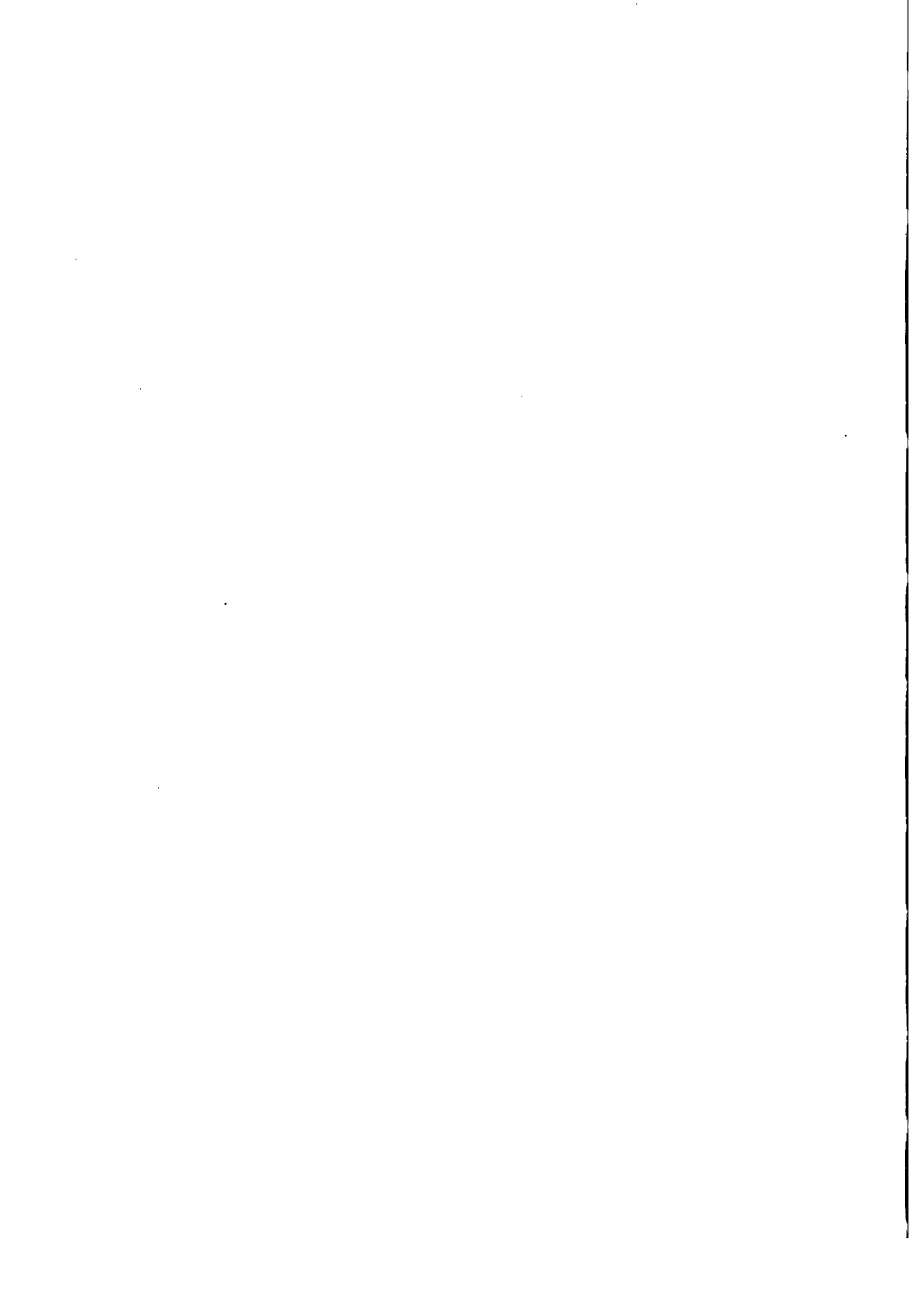
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LETTERS TO THE EVENING POST

WRITTEN

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1870.

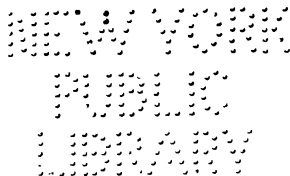
By SAMUEL OSGOOD D.D., LL.D.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
The Cost of Living Abroad.	I
Talks with Plain People Abroad.	19
A Theological Baker.	27
Hotel Keepers.	37
Mountain Adventures.	44
New Shrines of Old England.	
I. George Herbert.	61
II. John Keble.	73
III. Frederick W. Robertson.	88
Americans in Europe.	
I. Our Public Men.	103
II. Our People Abroad.	117
III. Our Women Abroad.	134
The Rhine and the Inn.	152

THE COST OF LIVING ABROAD.



New York, January 17, 1870.

I find that my off-hand letters to the Evening Post, on the out-look in Europe, have raised more interest than I ventured to anticipate ; and have, moreover, led friends and readers to ask some questions that may, perhaps, be properly answered in these columns. The first question turns on money matters, or, how much does it cost to see Europe ; to live there in a comfortable way ? I am no expert in foreign travel, and ought to speak with great modesty, yet the very fact that I am such a novice may bring me nearer to the mass of readers, and enable me to understand their ignorance, and to meet them on the level of their curiosity.

It does not cost as much as I expected to travel and live in Europe. Some friends said that I might get on well with ten dollars a day in gold, and on thinking the prospect over, I thought that seven

dollars a day ought to be enough. I am speaking, of course, now of the proper expenses of travel, For these expenses, I found my estimate too high, and that six dollars a day in gold will cover the whole amount of this expenditure for two hundred and fourteen days of absence. Some persons spend less, and some spend more. A young man told me that by walking much and going to cheap hotels, he got along for two or three dollars a day ; and I have very trustworthy information from a banker, of one small American family that spent at the rate of over two thousand dollars a week, although I think that this sum must include all the expenses of dress, jewels, etc. Probably most readers will be of my way of thinking, and desire to travel in a quiet, unostentatious way, and have all essential comforts and refinements without extravagances.

Americans generally are agreed on one point—that they will not consent to anything that looks like degradation, nor mix with low company, or unclean usages, for the sake of a little saving. We must go in good vessels and cars, and have good beds and food, or we are not at ease ; and, in a reasonable sense of the term, we are the most aristocratic nation on earth, and quite as much set against dirt

and vulgarity as the upper classes of English society. If we go in first-class steamers and cars, and live at first-class hotels, we may get along with six dollars a day, comfortably, on an average; and for a less sum, if we stop long at important places instead of being on the wing. It is often said by Englishmen that a pound, or five dollars a day, is enough to spend in travel, and this is probably so where the stops are long and the journeys short, as with the English in their summer tours on the Continent. But if one is constantly moving from place to place by long reaches, the expenses are greatly increased. Thus, at Rome my regular bill at the best hotel there—the Angleterre—was but twelve francs a day; while the fare to Marseilles, which is usually reached in thirty-six hours, was one hundred and twenty-five francs, which amounts to over sixteen dollars a day. The fare by the express train to Paris from Marseilles was one hundred and sixteen francs for sixteen hours, which is at the rate of thirty-three dollars a day. In France and England, however, railroad travelling is much more costly than in Switzerland, Germany and Italy. In Germany the second-class cars are as good as the first-class cars elsewhere, and cost about three cents a mile—a rate which

enables a traveller to go a tolerable day's journey for six dollars at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. In Italy the cost of railroad travelling in first-class cars, which are most preferable, is from six to eight dollars per day of ten or twelve hours at the usual speed.

There is not a great difference in the cost of hotel living in different parts of the continent of Europe; all are cheaper than the English hotels. At a first-class hotel in London, such as the Langham, which is made so pleasant to Americans by Colonel Sanderson, formerly of New York, a good single room costs a dollar and a half a day, dinner at the table d'hôte the same, breakfast seventy-five cents, and attendance thirty-seven cents. A man may make this sum considerably less by taking an upper room and dining at the restaurant, but this is the amount that an American is likely to find himself moved to spend, and it is not much above the mark to say that it costs five dollars a day to live well at a London hotel without expensive wines.

In Paris the rates are less except, perhaps, at such establishments as the Grand Hotel. Your room will cost, at such an excellent hotel as the Chatham, which so many quiet Americans frequent, from four

to eight francs, or from eighty cents to a dollar sixty cents according to position ; breakfast sixty cents, dinner a dollar, service twenty-five cents a day ; the whole amounting to from two sixty-five to three dollars and five cents a day, without wine. In Switzerland room rent is very cheap, and a good chamber does not generally cost more than sixty cents a day ; and dinner varies from sixty cents to a dollar ; and you can make an agreement for any length of time to live comfortably at from seven to ten francs a day, or from a dollar forty cents to two dollars a day. A well-educated clergyman told me that at a good pension in the beautiful town of Lausanne he could live comfortably with his family by the month at the rate of five francs per day for each person.

At Rome a clergyman of my acquaintance, who had refined tastes and a wife with good Boston notions of comfort, took rooms near our hotel, and assured me that he estimated his expenses at not more than a dollar and a half a day for each member of his family of seven persons. He hired pleasant appartments, and had his meals served and his work done by servants of his own. His figures may have been somewhat too low, but not much, I think. Rome is generally a cheap place to live in, and I

have reason to speak well of the hotels there, alike for comfort and attention. In one respect they go beyond Switzerland in cheapness, and at the Hotel d'Angleterre, besides an excellent dinner, the light wine of the country was given at pleasure to the guests for one dollar.

I may as well say that in Europe everybody seems to drink wine at dinner, and the stomach is thought to be protected by it from the doubtful mercies of most of the water. My experience favors the general impression that the water is often debilitating, and that a moderate allowance of light wine is proper, as it is common. A frugal and temperate man may add from twenty-five to fifty cents to his daily expenses for this item, or may substitute beer at half, perhaps quarter, the cost.

Of course we may greatly increase or lessen our expenses by our habits of frugality or extravagance. I am speaking of the moderate outlay for one person. If one has a private parlor the amount is nearly doubled, and the presence of ladies always brings more formality, delicacy, attendance and delay. If husband and wife travel together the expenses are in most respects more than doubled; and even if they do not indulge in the luxury of a private parlor,

they must expect to be subject to the red-tape exactions which wait on all royalty, and which try to make out every lady to be a queen. It is not well to overlook any causes that change our rate of expense. Thus, if we travel in a country where we have many friends who ask us to visit them or dine with them, our hotel bill may be less, but the cost of carriages and other incidentals may be more.

In a mountainous region like Switzerland one may save most expense by walking, and a good pedestrian may keep up with horses and mules in the great mountain roads. For example, I started from Pontresina for the Piz Languard on horseback, to ride as far as the precipitous part, and a young Swiss couple on their honeymoon started at the same time on foot, and reached the top not more than ten minutes after me. Again, three ladies from England—young ladies too—started at the same time from Visp for St. Nicolaus, on the way to Zermatt; they were on foot, with a single guide to carry their carpet bags, and we three each on a horse, with a guide; and we all six arrived at about the same time, four hours; but we three spent thirty-six francs, or over seven dollars, for our conveyance, and the three ladies spent but six francs, or a little more than a

dollar, for their conveyance ; and they seemed, moreover, to enjoy the adventure most, and probably cared more for the fun than the money. I made their acquaintance at Zermatt, and found them to be very intelligent, as well as plucky ; and I shall send them a copy of this number of the Evening Post at their pleasant home in Devon, in part fulfilment of my promise to make historical the three damsels who were already, and perhaps by nature as well as reading, romantic. I say again, that I like the English, and those ladies were so honest and brave as to win all respect ; and they said that they had met with no discourtesy in their whole Swiss tour. They carried out their independent policy at Zermatt, and went up the Gorner Grat with one horse that had drawn them in the wagon from St. Nicolaus, they taking the saddle by turns, while we three Americans took three horses and three men to carry us up, and spent three times the money.

In travelling in America a large part of the expense is for transit from point to point, between hotel or house and steamboats or stations. Thus you are usually charged a dollar and a half, and sometimes more, for a carriage to take you from

your house in New York to the railway station, not a mile distant. In Europe the cost for such service is very little, and you find good conveyances within call, at very low rates. In Rome you can ride anywhere in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents, and the driver is quite happy if you make it twenty cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin, you can have a cab for twenty minutes for twelve cents, and for half an hour for seventeen cents, and you may take your luggage with you for twelve cents additional. In Paris you have a good vehicle with two seats for forty-five cents an hour by day, and sixty cents at night, with a few cents extra charge for baggage, and about ten per cent less if you take the vehicle in the public street, instead of ordering it at the stable.

So great is the difference between the coach-hire in New York and Paris, that a friend of mine in Rome, who is very accurate in his statements, told me that it cost him sixteen dollars in New York to take his family and baggage to the boat, and very much the same service was performed for him at Paris for two dollars and a half.

Labor is cheap in Europe, and cheaper than we desire to see it in America ; while it is evident that labor might be cheaper here without loss to the laborer if the prices of living were less. I have not the full facts to illustrate this subject, and will speak only of what came under my notice. In Switzerland you can have a man and a horse or mule, a day, for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travellers are numerous ; and in Germany seventy cents, or a German dollar, is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence and Rome a dollar secures you a well-informed guide ; and Mr. Bruno, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Rome, who is a most courteous as well as intelligent man, was most happy when he earned five francs a day for conducting strangers among the ruins and art of that city. In Paris mechanics have usually five francs, or a dollar in gold, a day—and for a very substantial day's work.

The price of the native products of industry shows the rate of common labor. Thus you can buy in Switzerland for a dollar, or a dollar and a quarter, a collar or other piece of lace that seems to require days of skilful labor ; and I was assured that a lady's necktie that was offered for a dollar and a quarter

took eight days to make. For a franc, in Venice, elaborate pieces of shell work were everywhere offered, and I did not see how more than one a day could be made by one pair of hands, although there is no limit to what skill can do. In Naples you can buy finely cut lava cameos at from one to two dollars each. I have a head of Dante, that cost me only two dollars, that is a little gem of art. A painter offered me a good copy of a Madonna or Sibyl of Guido, which was very beautiful, for four napoleons, or sixteen dollars, and I did not see how he could have done it in less than that number of days. I was led to think that in Germany skilled labor brought less than a thaler, or seventy cents, a day, and in Italy apparently less. In Milan handsome gloves with three buttons sell for forty or fifty cents a pair, and in Rome the most beautiful scarfs are sold at five and six dollars each. Such facts of course prove that labor must be very cheap, and far cheaper than we ought to desire to see it in this country.

Houses and rents are closely connected with the price of labor, and so are all commodities; for if labor is cheap, materials are easily gotten out and transported, and if building costs little rents are

generally low, and sellers can live well on comparatively small profits. In many parts of Europe, where the buildings are numerous and the population does not increase, perhaps diminishes, houses are almost as free as the hills and pastures, and are looked upon as having a sort of superannuated value. They once cost something and were valuable, but they have had their day and use, and, like old ships, whatever is made out of them is so much unexpected luck. I suppose that a family with little money, who wish to live with a look of splendor, may find many a palace in Italy in the decayed cities at less rent than will secure a third-rate house in New York. I did not enquire the price of store rent in Europe, but goods seemed to me generally cheap, and rents must be somewhat in proportion. I bought a good silk hat in Venice for three dollars and forty cents; a handsome suit of light woolen summer clothes of the Court tailor in Berlin for twenty dollars, and had them made to order. I confess that his Majesty's costumer somewhat surprised me by coming with his workmen to my room, at the Hotel Royal, to try on the coat in its unfinished condition on Sunday morning, just as I was preparing to go to the pulpit of the American Chapel in Berlin—a fact

that made the preacher think more, not less, of the good old Sabbath rest of our genuine Americans.

Rents in Europe vary very much in different cities and different seasons. Reports represent the present charges at Rome as enormous, and I presume there is some foundation for them. Yet I went about among the furnished apartments there with Bruno to get information for a friend, and I found quarters for the whole season at rates that would be thought very moderate in New York. Everybody lives in suites of rooms on floors, and I visited no one but the Pope who had the whole house to himself. In fact I do not remember visiting any friends on the Continent who occupied a whole house except a banker, in Paris, and our American Minister in Florence. This usage not only makes the rents less, but brings down the price of service, furniture, fuel, etc. A handsome suite of furnished apartments can be had in Paris for prices at from five hundred to two thousand dollars a year for families such as would be obliged to spend two or three times that amount for a suitable house in New York. At Rome the American Club rents the ground floor of the Palace Gregori for fifteen hundred dollars a year; a suite of rooms which would cost about as many

thousands in an equally central hotel in New York. When I left Rome, at the close of November, the prices of rooms had not been generally raised, and there were long lists of vacant apartments at the banker's, although in some cases attempts had been made to extort exorbitant sums from families that had taken lodgings without having made terms previously. The Roman people are said to be very mean and grasping in money matters, and a very excellent American priest, who insisted upon it that they were pure in their domestic morals, allowed that they were not to be trusted at all in business affairs, and were sure to cheat you whenever it was possible. I did not see much of this disposition, perhaps because I dealt mostly with the best class of people, and was, moreover, not worth plucking.

I am sometimes asked if families of limited means who find it hard to live on their incomes here, can do better by going abroad. My advice to American families is that they should look upon their own country and home as the best place for them, other things being equal, and that they should regard it as a great advantage to live in a climate and among a people familiar to them. Yet it is undeniable that small incomes bring far more comfort and

advantage abroad than at home, not only by buying more commodities, but by saving self-respect from the sharp wounds which so often are made here by reduced fortunes and the too frequent loss of attention. Thus a family of half a dozen persons in New York city, with two or three thousand dollars income, cannot live in what is called genteel style and keep in society and educate the child or children, while in Geneva, or Dresden, or Munich they can get along comfortably with that sum, I think, and can be free from the painful comparisons that are made here between them and more showy neighbors. Moreover they can abroad associate with persons of refinement on the basis of character and intelligence, instead of wealth and parade, and also live within the reach of music and other arts that are pleasing and instructive, and sufficient to meet the social wants which in America are met often in such a prodigal way. I am assured that at Dusseldorf, and near by on the Rhine, you can rent a good house and garden for two or three hundred dollars with churches and schools within reach. It is remarkable how little respectability depends upon mere money getting and money spending in the most cultivated portions of Europe ; and I have

visited a great scholar at Berlin, in his frugal rooms on the third floor of the house, and found him courtly as well as refined, and not only in the best Berlin society, but a favored guest at the King's table. We Americans ought to have this spirit and respect worth more than wealth ; but I am sorry to say that nowhere in the world have I seen so much sycophancy to mere money as in this metropolis of ours.

We are a young nation, but are suffering from some of the worst vices that the Old World has outgrown. While France is making a new study of social economy, and the art of living is more and more based upon positive science, and to live beyond the income is thought folly as much as wrong, we are rushing on pell-mell into extravagance, and bringing up our children like princes. Shortly after returning home, I chanced to walk up our Fifth Avenue on a pleasant day, and was startled by the splendor of equipages, and especially the excessive dress of the ladies on foot. What did it mean ? for it looked like a grand parade, such as would have brought Paris into the streets in admiration. But no. It was only the usual show. All that array of feathers and lace, velvet, satin and cashmere—all

that marvellous work upon the hair, and perhaps upon the face—it was nothing unusual but an every-day affair.

Abroad you feel that money is a very serious matter, and that it must be earned with great effort. Thus Switzerland is rising from ice and filth under the spur of gain ; and while the desire to earn money is not the highest motive, it is better than no motive at all, and may start other motives in its turn ; and certainly a great many virtues tend to go with industry and thrift. Italy is feeling the same spur, and is going through an industrial and commercial training, whose fruits cannot but be good on the whole. An American can hardly understand the disposition with which a Swiss mountaineer or an Italian peasant regards a shining franc, so much of solid value that is usually out of his reach does it command, and it puts him in possession of some luxury that would otherwise be as far out of his reach as a star of heaven. It is well for Americans to connect this love of gain with honest industry, and not encourage idleness or folly by prodigality or alms-giving.

At home we need the same care with ourselves and our children ; and we are not only to return to

the old specie payment, but to the old specie sobriety. At present our habits are more inflated than our currency ; and we need at once the reduction of our public taxes and our private extravagance. The cost of living moderately here is great, and the last few years have a story to tell of embarrassment and wretchedness in families of refined tastes that has not yet been written. It is not wise to expect to set back the tide of custom by words, but every honest and just word does some good, and my earnest word to Americans is : Be true to this Republic of Washington and Franklin ; make it easier for Americans to live at home than abroad ; encourage the industry that earns a fair income, and the economy that gives it a fair market for buying and selling ; make it possible for worthy young people to marry and live together in comfortable homes ; stop the work of licentious habits, the importation of foreign vices, and the banishment of so many of our best people to other lands and tolerable prices.

TALKS WITH PLAIN PEOPLE ABROAD.



I have tried to see as much as possible of the people of Europe, in every grade of society from the highest to the lowest. I desired much to know how the plain people, who live by their daily work, think and feel, for they are the largest number, and best represent the common lot. The great business of the world is done by days'-work; and they who do it are more and more important to us all, as we see how closely our welfare is bound up in theirs, and how much of the great human heart, which our religion teaches us to honor, is in their keeping.

During my short stay in Ireland, I talked a good deal with the laboring class, and found them very kindly and communicative. The first specimen that I met, after my arrival, belonged to the custom-house at Queenstown, and he puzzled me somewhat to know what his status was, and what he wanted, in

his evident wish to make my acquaintance. He seemed to be a cross between servant and master, and I came to the conclusion that he liked his place very much ; that he blessed the Queen very devoutly ; that he wished to know all about me, and our country ; that he was inclined to have me go to his house, and perhaps would have taken a bonus of a few shillings if I had offered them to him.

After breakfast I went to the fish market on the quay, and found a motley crew gathered round fish that were still more motley than they. The fish of Europe are well worth seeing, and every traveller will do well to visit the fish markets, especially those at such central depots as London, Dieppe, Paris, Venice and Naples. I had no idea that such extraordinary creatures were ever served up for food as were daily offered for sale, and I am sure that in our zone the products of the sea differ far more in different countries than the products of the soil and the people who till the soil. In this Irish fish market, a rough-looking set of men busied themselves, and I doubted whether it was best to say anything to them, lest I might find a reply as sharp as the fins and teeth of their stock in trade. They were very civil however and eager to talk about America,

and its offer of work and land to the industrious in contrast to the desperate lot of the Irish laborer. The most interesting figure in the group was a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen years, with a dress utterly ragged and miserable, yet with a good face and an eye as pure as a modest girl's, with a fair share of manly strength.

It struck me that religion must have something to do with keeping him up to the high quality that looked out of his eye, and I questioned him pretty closely on the subject. So it was. This ragamuffin had been baptized, confirmed and received the communion, and was under the guidance of a confessor, who had apparently schooled him on important subjects and kept him from errors that too often write their bad mark on the faces of youths of his age. This fact strengthened me in what I was ready to believe, and still believe, that the Irish Catholic clergy are generally earnest and correct men, especially free from licentiousness, and bent on saving their people from its curse. Ireland has no snakes and her people are, I believe, remarkably free from the vice that marks the trail of the old serpent in so many countries that possess the same religion. Whilst in Italy, I could not resist the almost

universal assertion of intelligent friends that the celibacy of the clergy is unfavorable to domestic morality, and that an unmarried clergy are often pests to the households that they frequent. But in Ireland a far different feeling prevailed, and there, whilst both priest and people seemed to be fond of an over generous portion of whiskey, both were strict in respect to the other vice which Catholic faith sets apart as so deadly a sin.

I talked much with the drivers of cabs and cars in Ireland, and found them very bright and communicative. I remember a funny story that a driver told me about a rich lady who owned a grand estate near Cork, and who had chronic rheumatism, that no doctors, foreign chemists or mineral springs could cure. In despair the poor old soul came home to die, and used to be trundled about her lawn and meadow in a hand-chair, by a man-servant, till one day, whilst meditating on her gradual descent to the tomb in her chair in the meadow, her man-servant, with staring eyes of horror, exclaimed: "O Mistress! the great bull has broken loose and is making directly towards us!" and he immediately proved his personal discretion, more than his valor, by taking to his heels, with the honest conviction, probably, that

his healthy legs were worth more than his lady's damaged timbers. The old lady what could she do but die? Not so. She saw she could at the worst only die under the bull's horns, and she might as well try to die game. So up she started and away she ran, and was over the fence nearly as soon as her unheroic man-in-waiting. She left the bull and the rheumatism in the meadow behind. I do not vouch for this story, but I did laugh heartily over it at the time.

All the laboring people that I met seemed to be Roman Catholics, yet they were not bitter towards Protestants. At Killarney I was assured that the most charitable family there were Episcopalians, and at Dublin I was told that the Protestants were good masters, and the laboring class had cause to think well of them. I met a decided character there in the sexton of St. Patrick's, who seemed to be of the John Bull breed, and to wonder at my idea that this charming old Cathedral, that held Dean Swift's bones, should be kept always open as in old times. He was not paid for that, but only for the regular morning and evening service. He remembered Archbishop Whately most vividly, and evidently thought his scholarly successor less genial,

although he did not say so ; and he also thought that Christianity was on its last legs in Ireland, now that the Irish Church bill was likely to pass.

On one subject the people of Ireland were of one mind—alike the policeman in the Queen's uniform, the drayman with his little bit of a jennet, the driver on his box and the servant in his livery—that it was hard for a poor man to live there by his labor, and the land tenure was unjust. It seemed to me that no man can buy land there by the savings from his wages, and that the rent of the land is enormous, and the motive to improve leased land is doubtful at best.

I judged that a great deal of hard work had been done for Ireland by the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant. In conversation with the two prelates who are probably the most important and sagacious in each communion—Trench of Dublin, and Moriarty of Kerry—I found that each acknowledged much merit in the other and his associates, and I was led to hope that the Episcopal Church had trusted too much to government rule and too little to personal influence to keep and extend its position, whilst the Roman Catholics were all alive with fervor. In Dublin, on a rainy day, I went to vespers

in the oldest Episcopal Cathedral, where the sexton and myself were the only auditors that I saw in the presence of the white-robed clergy and choir, and on that same evening I attended service in the new and beautiful church of the Jesuits, and found every part of the building crowded with standing or kneeling worshippers. I regret to find the Archbishop of Dublin so oppressed, as his recent charge indicates, with the burdens put upon him by the Irish Church bill ; yet he is not the man to shrink from a post of trial, and he need not despair of seeing a better day of true religion in Ireland. He and his friends are probably quite as ready as the Irish Roman Catholic bishops to do justice to the Irish people, and justice even more than charity is what Ireland has for centuries lacked.

I will mention only one fact more as to the people of Ireland, a little circumstance that may or may not indicate a social characteristic. After a long ride in a jaunting-car and a full conversation with the driver, on reaching the hotel at Cork, I paid him his dues with the proper bonus, and held out my hand at parting as with a friend. The man did not seem to understand the act, but rather to shrink from the courtesy, as if not the thing for him

to accept. It looked to me as if the conventional distance between master and servant, or gentleman and laborer, in Ireland, was greater than it was between master and slave in the old slave states. I remembered that when I last visited Baltimore, before the Emancipation act, the house servant Stephen, who was a hired slave, took my proffered hand at parting with a cordiality that was none the less modest from being so wholly human.

TALKS WITH PLAIN PEOPLE ABROAD.



A Theological Baker in London.

A Swiss Mountaineer.

The working class in England seemed to me to have a good deal of the bulldog in their composition, and some of the hardest faces and roughest tongues that I have ever met are among the cab-drivers of London. The drivers of Paris, Berlin, Florence, Rome, and the gondoliers of Venice are sweetness itself in comparison, and the Jehus of Naples, in spite of their awful lying, have a grace in their wickedness that those of London fall short of, much to the disparagement of their supposed veracity. I will speak of but a single conversation in London, and that with a baker near Westminster Abbey, at the corner of a little lane.

There was to be service in the Abbey at three o'clock, when Dean Stanley was to preach a charity sermon, and the music was to be given by a grand combination of choirs. I was there with a friend

before the time, and we were too hungry to wait patiently for the regular six o'clock dinner, and we looked out for a little lunch. We spied a baker's shop, with buns and tarts in the window, and went in and took our portion—each of us a bun and gooseberry tart, both very good, and I think at a cost of eight pence, or sixteen cents for the whole. The baker was a young yet fatherly-looking man, with a most ready tongue. Here was a chance to get hold of something of the real mind of old England, and I talked with him at some length on politics and religion, especially the latter. He spoke freely of our late war, and the trouble he felt in understanding the relation of the several states to the Union, and his perplexity at the doubts of Americans themselves on the subject. Now it was clear to him, and he was glad that we were a nation, and that slavery had dug its own grave in trying to deepen the foundations of its throne. I asked him to give me his idea of the present state of the English Church, which he proceeded at once to do with earnestness and intelligence.

He had a great dislike to the Ritualist party, and thought them neither good Christians nor true Englishmen. They might as well turn Papist at

once, as to burn incense and chant masses. He was a Low-Churchman, he said, and liked very well much of the preaching of the Independents, but he did not like their way of worship. He thought that some gifted men could offer edifying prayers of their own, but even these tended to a kind of repetition and kept harping on one string, instead of touching all chords of devotion like the good old liturgy. He said that the Church-of-England service in the long run furnished you with better prayers than you could find anywhere else. He thought that the clergy should draw nearer the hearts of the people, and read with more spirit and preach with more life. He did not know what he might do if their Popish notions went on much further, but he hoped to stick to the old ship, and live and die in the Church of England.

I asked him what he thought of the Broad Church party, and he replied that he was afraid that they were going off the handle, and were carried away by the pride of learning from the grace of God. As to the Dean Stanley, whom we were going to hear, he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Why he, sir, is a scholar!" as much as if to say, He is not much of a preacher or a theologian.

I told this story a few days after, at a breakfast, to some titled dignitaries of Church and State, who laughed heartily and thought the baker no fool in his criticism.

I saw something of the religious temper of the English people by conversing with the parish clergy. One vicar in London told me that the Church of England was like a glass of beer with the froth at the top (High), the dregs at the bottom (Low), and the good sound beer the great body of liquor between. Dean Stanley kindly gave me access to the Convocation of clergy in the famous Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey, and I heard them discuss the needs and character of their parishes very fully. Their case seemed in many respects like that of our own clergy, except that they took a more official position, and spoke as if they had charge of the whole territory within their limits. One minister had been through a village, and found that cider-drinking was the great pest of the people, and that sometimes the state officials winked at and even encouraged the excess for the sake of the lucrative excise. These church ministers appeared to be a quiet, cultivated, earnest, hard-working set of men, and their talk about their parishes was very much like what I

have heard among the American clergymen who are somewhat on a par with them in culture.

I also met a number of the Dissenting clergy, alike the liberals and the orthodox, and was led to believe that the disposition to think seriously upon the great questions of religion was growing among the people, and that the school of the "Essays and Reviews" was not limited to scholars and theologians. It seemed to me that Beecher or Bushnell among the orthodox Independents, and Parker and Emerson among the liberals, were the prevailing American names, and I was quite surprised to find the Theodore Parker type of theology making such progress in quarters where Channing was supposed to be the dominant thinker, and philosophical theism taking the place of positive Christianity among preachers and people. A fact that confirmed in my mind the truth expressed to me by a Church-of-England liberal, "that mere liberalism without positive institutional religion is a very unsafe guide."

I had other opportunities to talk with the plain people indirectly, through persons conversant with them, and I was not led to form a high opinion of the moral and intellectual condition of the working

class of London. A policeman, during the Irish Church bill agitation, told me that there was danger of bloody anti-Popery riots in London if the bill passed. A very intelligent and devoted friend of Christian missions said that only two per cent of the workmen of London went to church, and a partner in a large mercantile house told me that the boys in the store generally did not know reading, writing and arithmetic, and he had been at pains to have them taught at spare hours.

My guide up the Piz Languard was a wiry man of moderate size but of iron strength. He weighed, I should suppose, about a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and during the last and hardest part of the ascent he held out to me a leather strap which greatly helped me lift my own hundred and sixty-five pounds up the dizzy height. On the way down I stopped some time for rest, and upon the hospitable grass had ample time to look at the everchanging landscape and to chat with the guide. It was a day of wonderful beauty, with hardly a cloud to dim or limit the prospect. The great mountains in front showed here and there their dark crags under their mantle of snow, as if they wore the black and white colors of those soldier-priests the princes of

the house of Brandenburg. In the valley below some Bergamese shepherds from Italy were tending flocks that were feeding in long files upon the grass that grew about two lakes, one of which shone like a huge emerald, and the other like an enormous sapphire. Not far off we met an Italian boy who offered to sell us a bunch of the famous Edelweiss flower, and who, with most dramatic gestures, as well as tones, tried to prove to us that he had been climbing everywhere on the mountains to find those flowers, and we must not think his price too high.

The guide who was lounging at my feet began to examine my shoes. He remarked that the nails which had been put into them to keep me from sliding on the snow must have been bought in Paris; then, that the shoes were much more thoroughly made than after the manner of the Swiss; then, that the gaiters of black cloth would not do for deep snow; and when he had gone through with his inspection of my clothes, he turned his curiosity towards our country.

He began by asking what was the name of our President who was killed. I said, of course, Abraham Lincoln.

"Yes," he replied "that is it. He was a good

man, and the Swiss think so. There was a time when Louis Napoleon and the King of Prussia wished to divide Switzerland between them ; but Abraham Lincoln said that they must not do it, and they were afraid and did not do it."

I had never heard of such a piece of diplomacy, and contented myself with saying that Abraham Lincoln was the friend of civil liberty everywhere.

The guide then asked me what was the name of the President who had incapacity? This was his expression, literally rendered from his French.

"Oh that was Andrew Johnson," I replied.

"How came you to make such a man President?" he asked.

I told him that Johnson became President in consequence of Mr. Lincoln's death, and that he had been chosen Vice-President on account of his being from the old slave states ; and a strong Union man ; that he had good talents, and had been spoiled by bad advisers and his own bad temper, which seemed sometimes to possess him like a very devil.

The guide seemed relieved, and asked me then if General Grant was fit for his place and knew how to rule, or whether he was only a soldier.

I assured him that our people knew what they

were about in electing Grant, and that he was honest, sagacious and resolute, and would keep the peace and execute the laws and uphold the credit of the country.

He asked me if we were not afraid of being ruled by a soldier with such a large army.

I replied that the army of a million of men had gone home, and into business or to work, and we had only forty-eight thousand soldiers left.

He said that was more than he could understand, and we were a remarkable people, since the people of Europe were being eaten up by their great standing army. He asked how much we owed.

I replied that our debt was about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, or twelve thousand five hundred millions of francs, and that we were paying off all the interest and part of the principal.

He said that his head was not big enough to take in such figures, and that he did not know what to make of our America. In spite of all that I said of our policy of non-intervention, he said that we ought to stand by the feeble states of Europe against their oppressors. The Swiss were free and brave, but their country was small and surrounded by powerful monarchies; yet all that was necessary

was for America to say that Switzerland should remain free, and it would be so. I did not try to disabuse him of this idea, for there is much truth in what the man said, and America intervenes for liberty against oppression, by peace, and industry, and education, more than by wars of intervention.

TALKS WITH PLAIN PEOPLE ABROAD.



Hotel-keepers and Shopkeepers.

The hotel-keepers on the Continent, and especially in Switzerland, were to me quite a new class. They are important persons in the community, and in some cases they are the merchants, bankers and squires of the place. Where travel makes the main business of a country like Switzerland, the business centres at the hotel, and the landlord is the buyer and seller by eminence. He has from one hundred to a thousand guests to feed every week; he has horses and carriages to provide directly or indirectly; and he has moreover much influence in deciding where the guests shall purchase matters of taste and curiosity that belong to the neighborhood. If he is a man of social taste or of general intelligence, he can use the favor of his guests and have much to do with shaping their travels, and especially with selecting their future stopping places. He has a

large amount of patronage in his hands, and it is not merely a joke that the Swiss landlord is the landamann or governor of the canton.

I have generally been on good terms with the master of the house, and made many pleasant acquaintances with this class. At Dresden I talked of theology with our host, and found him a lover of evangelical fervor in union with great liberty of thinking. At Munich our host was a man of progressive ideas, a decided reformer, very severe upon the Bavarian government for neglecting the industrial arts, for ransacking the earth for old pictures and statues, and doing nothing to bring into use the magnificent water power of the mountain springs and lakes. He did not like the soldiers, who ate and drank much, and rode horses that ought to be in better business; and he declared that before many years the whole humbug of war would be blown up, and Europe would be one nation, with a police and without a standing army, very much like our own United States, whose people he liked because they paid their bills handsomely and did not grumble. He said he had less trouble with a hundred Americans than with ten Frenchmen.

The Geneva landlord owned a vineyard and had

wine of his own brand, and was ready to be the banker to his guests, if they wished. The host at Milan was Swiss; a true, careful, kindly, intelligent man; full of what are called modern ideas, with a mortal aversion to priests; enthusiasm for science and a religion of nature, which he affirmed, was sufficient to keep him upright and cheerful without any help from inside the Church. At Rome our landlord had a face that might have served as a model for a statue of Cæsar; he paid homage to the Pope and put up in his hall a marble slab in memory of the visit of his Holiness to his hotel, and had a discriminating regard for the priestly mendicants who came to the door for money from his guests; most of the beggars being kept outside, and a very few commended, as his very good friends, with kindly but lordly condescension. At Naples our host was a bland magnifico from Sicily, with three large palaces open for guests, ready to serve us in every way, setting the best table we had seen in Europe, and, although evidently bent on making money and allowing that he had made a little fortune out of his first hotel, never showed the sharp claw, but acted the part of the courtly gentleman to every guest.

The various servants of the hotel are notable in their way, the porter with his gold lace on his cap, his gilt buttons, and his especial regard for your baggage, your movements and questions ; the book-keeper with his eye to your expenses, the servants at table, who surprise you often by their courtesy and intelligence. At Rouen one of the waiters was a Garibaldi patriot, who discoursed to us eloquently on the future of Europe ; and at Paris I found myself quite familiar with a young German from Baden-Baden, who waited on us, a far more clerical person than our theological schools now send forth. He had been a servant in England until he had learned the language, and now he was learning French by the help of daily conversation with guests and regular instruction from a teacher. Very likely he will in ten years be a thriving landlord himself. There is something very impressive in this readiness of worthy young men in Europe to begin life in domestic service. Our American habits tend quite the other way, but it is not easy to see the difference in dignity between the usages of our young men and theirs. Shopkeeping is not, in itself, more dignified than hotel-keeping, and brings out no more of the mind and heart, and the dignity of

the servants in both cases bears some proportion to that of the masters.

On the Continent the shopkeepers and the hotel-keepers are pretty good friends, and, except in the great cities, the hotel is the larger concern and the landlord is a greater man than the merchant. I made the acquaintance of a number of tradesmen in the most interesting towns and cities, and found them generally intelligent and obliging. I lost much of my previous scepticism as to their honesty, especially in Italy, where the guide books teach us to expect only swindling and enormous prices charged, with willingness to take half or two thirds of the sum asked. There are, I believe, everywhere honest dealers who name to you at once the fair prices of their goods. I began in Milan and Florence with believing every article worth about two-thirds the price named, and found it impossible to obtain much, if any, abatement in most cases, and in some instances the rule of one price was rigidly insisted upon. It was so at Rome, and the best dealers there have found themselves so much shunned and suspected, on account of the old system of shifting prices, that they have resolved to establish a fixed standard. The same was the case at Naples,

that metropolis of cheats and liars, where we found the largest store with the corals, cameos, bronzes, etc., in three rooms, all marked in dollars and cents, at fair prices, on our American system, and evidently with an especial eye to American customers.

At Rome and Geneva one is most tempted to make purchases, and at both places you can do well at the best stores. I was amazed at their readiness to accommodate Americans. At Geneva a large dealer in watches and jewels said, in reply to my remark that I had little money to spend, "The money, sir, is of no consequence. You can have anything you want and pay for it in New York;" and on my expressing surprise at such confidence in a stranger, he said, "You must allow us to believe that we understand our business." In Rome I was repeatedly told to take anything that I wished to my hotel, and pay when convenient; and once, after asking the lady proprietor of a rich mosaic establishment to reserve for me a choice piece of Byzantine mosaic until I had filled my purse, she said, "Take it with you;" and on my expressing surprise at her confidence in a total stranger, she said, "Oh, sir, have no scruples. We never lose anything by the Americans and the English."

I found a shopkeeper at Geneva, Mr. B., No. 10 Rue des Allemands, who dealt in all manner of Swiss articles, such as stones of the Alps, wood carvings, etc., in the most reliable manner, and many friends also went to him. I name him as a specimen of his class. I met him at the school festival of the Geneva citizens, and he seemed to have very much the kind of respect that was entertained towards our old-fashioned tradesmen here and in New England. He was a decidedly religious man, one of the fathers of the city and had a voice in its affairs. He introduced me on the green to his bright daughter, who sat among her interesting companions of the high school, and her voice, with others, joined sweetly in the hymns and songs of that jubilee of education in the republic of the Alps. I felt much at home there, and am glad to record a worthy family so much after my own heart and the true American standard.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES.



Where we go with high anticipations we are generally greatly disappointed, and the scenes and then that we have beheld only in the light of fancy, or in the enchantment of distance, are likely to have a common-place look when we draw near them. There is an obvious reason why famous men disappoint us, in the fact that their fame comes from the work of their whole lives, or from the thoughts of their best times of inspiration, and is not written upon their face and form, to be read at a single glance. Nature, who is more fixed and constant than man, shares to a degree in his moods, and does not always put her best foot forward or flash upon you her sweetest smile. The river is sometimes empty of water or covered with fog, and the mountain is lost in the mist. Of Swiss scenery, however, I can truly say that it went beyond my most sanguine

anticipations; and often as I gazed, if the wonder did not always grow, the beauty and sublimity were never lost. Those marvellous mountains were a continual surprise, and the aspects that were most charming were such as no description led me to expect.

Take for example the play of light upon the mountains. I looked out of the window of the Hotel Krone, at Pontresina, upon the mountains and glaciers opposite one night, and all seemed to be a grand purple transparency, as of a huge amethyst illuminated from within. There was no apparent cause for such an appearance, and when I went out to find the moon, which was to be seen beyond the house and behind another range, I did not understand why this peculiar light appeared, and I was content to believe that mountains play the part towards the moon that clouds play towards the sun, and bring out the hidden charms of the lunar rays. Again, being at the same place, on horseback, the next morning, I saw a strange play of light. In front, the full moon was shining in all magnificence, and at the same time the morning glow was upon the tops of the heights upon the right, and the sun was in full blaze upon them, although its body was not in sight. We all

know what a sun-shower is, when the rain pours from clouds above, whilst the sun shines on us with slanting rays from East to West, but I never saw before a sun moonlight, with sun and moon in full power at once, full sunlight there and full moonlight here. .

Then the different colors, lights and shades, upon a range of mountains during a week, or even a day, are remarkable. The evening light is probably the richest, and the golden glow that fell upon the Jungfrau at Interlaken, and Mont Blanc at Chamouny, as the sun went down and the clouds broke away, after our long watching, opened an enchanting vision. That stately virgin looked upon us in her maiden blush, and that mighty monarch stood up in his golden crown, until the night shadows hid them from our sight. Then you are constantly surprised by the change of aspects at changes in points of view, and these magnificent lords and ladies of the wilderness do not allow themselves to be seen except in their own way and time. The Weisshorn, near Zermatt, was the greatest of all puzzles to me, and appeared in many grand, yet partial and unsatisfactory aspects, until after a journey of many miles ; whilst for nearly a day, upon

the top of the diligence, up towards the glacier of the Rhone, this mountain came to me in full view, and in mingled beauty and grandeur was unsurpassed by anything that I have seen on earth. It was enough to make one think of the great white throne of the Apocalypse; and if John Bunyan had seen it he would have added a new chapter to his vision of the Delectable Mountains.

Travelling in Switzerland surprises you in two opposite ways—by the excellence of the roads, and the dangers that remain in spite of their excellence. The roads are perfect, beyond any that we have in America, except in some of our great public parks, and the masonry that protects or sustains them is usually of a thorough kind. At the same time there is more or less danger on the highways as well as in the footpaths, and not only the vast proportions, but the changing materials of the mountains, give you enough of the sense of fear to fill out the emotion of the sublime. One morning, as we rode from Landeck in the Tyrol, on our way we observed that the fence and wall at a certain point in the road had been broken through, and there was a deep mark across the road as if some heavy body had been dragged over. I was riding on the outside

with the driver, but did not see anything startling in the sight. He, however, at once pointed to a great stone in the pasture to the right, and said that it had fallen from the mountain within a few hours. We stopped and inquired into the matter. Sure enough, there, far up above in the cliff, we saw the place from which the stone had started, and we traced its path in a great furrow down a hill-side to the road, and over the road into the pasture opposite. A cottage stood a few rods off, and the people there were wide-awake on the subject, and, in the usual devout spirit of the Tyrolese, disposed to see the hand of God in their deliverance. We jogged on as before in our Stellwagen, yet not without a new feeling of the danger that we had escaped, and the Almighty hand above and around us.

Again at Chamouny we crossed a place whose name suggests danger—the Mauvais Pas, a little way beyond the Mer de Glace. I had heard a great deal said of the terrors of the pass, and was surprised to find it so small a matter and so easily crossed. I looked only at the narrow path and held on to the iron rod, and did not care to startle my imagination by gazing much at the precipice above and below.

As we took our lunch at the chalet beyond, an English family who had just crossed came in under great excitement, and the lady, with choking voice and swollen veins, was belaboring the guide and her husband and all concerned for allowing her to go on such a terrible way, and insisted that she had been in the very jaws of destruction. I laughed at the woman's ire, yet there was some reason in her madness, for not long afterwards, Judge B——, a friend from Brooklyn, was about to cross the same place, and when within a few steps of the precipice, he looked up and saw a huge rock as large as a moderate sized house start from the mountain slowly, and then fall towards the path in front. Down it came, dashed into fragments as it fell, and tore away the railing upon which he relied. It was a narrow escape, perhaps of only thirty feet distance. The Judge never told the story nor wrote it home, for fear of giving alarm or of claiming to be the hero of an adventure, but I made him tell the particulars to me, and how it was that, rather than go back upon the ice or grope at night down the mountain, the party went over the pass one by one, holding the guide's hand, in spite of the loss of the friendly balustrade.

At Grindelwald and at Zermatt we found two fresh graves that had lately received the bodies of English tourists. At the former place Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Brighton, England—probably the same daring athlete who climbed the Matterhorn before Tyndall succeeded—had made his way up the Schreckhorn, and, as he reached a high peak, he turned to shout his triumph, when he slipped and fell, and only the mark on the snow told the way of his swift destruction. He had, I believe, refused to take the precaution of being fastened by a rope to his two guides—a more rash than courageous proceeding. At Zermatt an English lawyer, an elderly man, had gone up the Lyskamm with two guides, and a pet dog of his own. The little dog was playing about in the snow on the edge of a precipice, when he fell down and disappeared. The master went to look for him, and fell. The guides came back without him, and were not able to explain satisfactorily his fall, as they said they had the rope fastened to him ; but a fresh company of Alpine climbers started at once for the spot, and found the Englishman's body at the foot of the precipice, with the neck broken. Such adventurers ought to be checked in their rashness, and it should

be insisted upon that it is folly and not courage to expose life merely for the sake of doing a notable thing, and not to extend the range of knowledge or humanity.

Your readers may be willing to listen to a little story of a night adventure of my own among the mountains of the Visp valley, with two Massachusetts clergymen, one of whom is a man of renown in the pulpit and theological chair. We reached St. Nicolaus from Vispach at about five o'clock, Saturday afternoon in September, on horseback, and wished to push through to Zermatt that evening to avoid staying in a dull place over Sunday, and also to avoid travelling on Sunday to the famous valley of our destination. I asked the landlord of the hotel if he had a horse and wagon for us, and he replied that he had none, and none was to be had in the whole village. It was clear that he meant to keep us in his house overnight, and equally clear that it was best to try to go on. I went up into the little village in quest of a conveyance, and finally found a German boy who said that his brother had a wagon and would take us on that night for fifteen francs. I took him at his word, and told him to harness the horse at once. Returning

to the hotel to dine, I soon spied our companions on the way, the three damsels of Devon, of whom I have previously spoken, coming along with their guide in the rear, carrying their carpet-bags upon his back, and the stouter of the ladies marching a little in front, with her good Alpenstock in hand, as brave as Diana with her nymphs and able to crack the crown of any rude fellow who might presume to interfere with her younger charge. This lady asked the landlord if he had a wagon for them, and he replied as to me, and said that none was to be had. I told her of what I had done, and off she started bravely up the hill to the village, and after a while she came back with a strapping great fellow as driver and a little horse in tow. We started first, and they followed. The whole proceeding was largely an act of faith, for the very vehicle in which we sat seemed coming to pieces, and there was need of considerable tying of seats and other parts in their places. The harness of the horse seemed to be very much made up of rope and twine, so that we felt that if he were inclined to play Pegasus or the Dragon, he might bolt from his fastenings at any time and pitch into the torrents or fly up the mountains at pleasure. But our driver told us that

all was right, and that we were perfectly safe under his care, and the result added one more illustration of the fact that what is said to you in the German tongue is likely to be true. On we went along the narrow path, which was wide enough to hold our narrow gauge wheels and little more. It was towards sunset by the almanac, but almost dark under the shadow of the mountains; yet we could note the features of the scenery, and see the Visp now near us in the valley, and now far below us in the ravine, flowing, and sometimes foaming, on its way to the Rhone.

Soon it grew dark, the moon was not up, and the starlight was very dim between the mountains. Our way was mostly upon the river bank, which was often high and precipitous, and torn by dashing mountain torrents. In one instance we crossed a bridge without any railing, and nearly as I could see there were only about two inches of spare room on each side of our wheels. Then we heard the tinkling of bells, and there was a wagon in the road ahead, without sufficient room to pass us, whilst the river roared rudely at us from the ravine below. We got out, and lifted our wagon from the road that the other might pass us, happy that the weight

was no greater and that the two drivers were so kindly. I stepped, by chance, into some water by the way-side, and found it icy-cold, fresh from the glacier above, and suggesting the chill that might have come from my pitching bodily into that torrent instead of putting my foot in.

It was indeed starlight, yet almost totally dark below, and we began to think that too much of the element of fear might enter into our night thoughts on the sublime, but we were greatly cheered by the spirit of the driver and his horse, who went on in a set, matter-of-fact way, as if there was nothing to be afraid of. Soon a mighty ally came to our relief, and the silver light that brightened the sky and glistened upon the cliffs told us that the moon was rising. But how slowly she rose, and how hard it was for her to climb the gigantic heights and look into our faces with her sisterly smile! Before we saw her face, however, we saw wonders in her light. Far ahead there came into view what looked like an enormous fortress of white stone with a pointed tower on the right, when the driver said, in reply to our exclamations of surprise, "That is the Breithorn, and that spur on the right is the little Matterhorn." The sight seemed to me more like an apparition

than a natural thing. I was afterwards glad to know that the Swiss survey of 1859 puts the height of this mountain at 13,685 English feet, or over two miles high.

This was but the opening of the spectacle as we went on into this fairy-land. On each side the immense heights towered above us, and on the right, where the moon's rays fell, literally Alps on Alps arose, the distant peaks and cliffs lifting their snowy tops into view, one above another, and making for us more enchantment than ever came from artist's pencil or from poet's verse. The renowned doctor of divinity, our Andover companion, became the most unruly of the party. The scenery evidently went to his head, and I had fears for the strength of the twine that held his seat in its place. He had never seen or imagined anything like this, and he did not know what to say or do about it. He was soon, however, brought to the solid ground from fairy-land by the tinkle of bells as we were rounding a cliff with a great precipice between us and the dashing river below. We heard screaming as of a female voice, and found that it came, not from a woman being murdered or thrown into the river by a Blue-Beard husband, but from a lady terrified at

the sound of our bells and the narrowness of the fearful path. We got out again, and the wagons were lifted by each other, and on we jogged.

After we passed from the shadow of a high cliff, and came into the moonlight and the open prospect, there stood what seemed to be a gigantic obelisk of roughly chased and jagged silver, not like anything that goes by the name of a mountain, yet higher apparently than any mountain that I had ever seen, looking at once like a wonder of art, a marvel of nature and a miracle of God. I did not expect to see any such thing, but knowing the name of the most memorable peak in the Zermatt valley, I cried out, "The Matterhorn!" The Doctor's equilibrium stood the excitement better than I feared, and his nervous agitation vanished under calmer and more exciting emotion. He lifted us up instead of our having to hold him down, as he spoke of the glory of the spectacle, as if great Nature here were none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Soon, at about ten o'clock, we were at the door of the hotel, with its cheerful lights and welcome fire from the burning logs on the hearth.

I thought somewhat anxiously of the three ladies

whom I had, perhaps rashly, induced to start upon that somewhat precarious journey, and I inquired of the landlord if they had arrived, and found no word of them there. The morning came, heralded not only by its cheering light, but by a wonderful accompaniment of sound. What a matin hymn was that Sunday morning chorus of thundering torrents and waterfalls, tinkling bells of goats and cows, under the leadership of the chimes from the church steeple! Those church bells did not seem to be played, but rather to play of their own sweet, and sometimes wild, will, as if they learned their free melody from the voices of Nature, and had gone to school to the chirping crickets, the cooing doves, the cawing rooks, the lowing cattle, the bleating sheep and the singing larks. I followed their voice and went to the church for God's blessing upon a lonely traveller's prayer for himself and his kindred far away. It was a neat building, with considerable ornament within, and in the centre of a magnificent prospect, as is so common with the Swiss Catholic churches; and with a churchyard full of monuments, great and small, but mostly the latter.

I was glad to find my fears there relieved as to our lost fellow-travellers of the evening before

There was no one in the church but a lady kneeling at the altar, and as she turned to go out I saw that she was the leader of the little party of English ladies; in fact the Diana of the Alpenstock. I conversed with her, and found that they had arrived not long after us, after being frightened only three times on the way. I found also that, like myself, she held that all churches belonged to God and his people, and it was right to worship wherever they were opened for prayer—whilst glad to see that her English friends had nearly finished a little church of their own not far off. The three were staunch churchwomen of the English type, and seemed to go upon their journey with a strong element of divine grace as well as human grit in their purpose. My two American companions had been to church at the early service before me, and the only strange thing that the Andover theologian did, was to go into his room and write the impressions of the night before into a sermon, which could not but be a telling one. It may have been like that sermon of his which a hearer once described to me as being an hour long and as holding him spell-bound to the close, while at times his heart seemed to stop beating and the cold chills to strike through him. This

Alpine homily will be an improvement on that, however, if it repeats not only the chills of those mountain torrents, but the genial warmth of those days of charming fellowship.

The next day we went up the Riffelberg to the famous peak of the Gorner-Grat, with its peerless prospect of gigantic peaks around ; ten of them, according to the Swiss survey of 1859, rising to the height of about 15,000 English feet, the highest measuring 15,217 feet (Monte Rosa), and the lowest of the ten, the Matterhorn, measuring 14,705 English feet. One sees here, as everywhere in Switzerland, the reason of the absence of all ambitious architecture among the Swiss. It is not so much from the poverty of their purse as from the grandeur of their scenery that they never build great churches. St. Peter's, the Milan Duomo, York Minster, the Cologne Cathedral, would look like mere chapels at Interlaken, Chamouny or Zermatt, and any well-proportioned village church spire would as well show the hand of man and win the spirit of God as they.

Apropos of this idea, we stopped half way up the Riffelberg, in Zermatt, to hear a famous echo, and had all sorts of strange replies echoed again and

again to our equally strange questions. I thought that I would put the echo to a nobler test, and shouted: "Sind sie ein Geist?" or, "Are you a spirit?" The voice came back thrice with wonderful sweetness and solemnity—"ein Geist, ein Geist, ein Geist!" ("a spirit, a spirit, a spirit!") True enough, old echo! There is a spirit among those mountains; and men climb those heights unworthily if they do not find themselves drawn nearer the living God.

NEW SHRINES OF OLD ENGLAND.



GEORGE HERBERT.

If an intelligent traveller will carefully interpret his own mind when he visits memorable places, he will find that he is most deeply interested in those places that best unite the old and new times, and carry him to the old fields that are still bearing fresh fruit. There is a charm, indeed, in seeing the remains of what is dead and gone, like a mummy or a mammoth's bones ; yet even here the new element will come in. We insist on having some living man or book to tell how the mummy or the mammoth connects with present history or science, and enters into the future of man or the universe. Let any thoughtful person, however, review his diary or recall the thoughts and feelings of famous haunts, houses or tombs, he will own that he lingers most fondly always where great names of the past answer

most truly to present questions and aspirations. Even the great ancients are dear to us because they really belong to our modern life, and in their ideas or virtues they are really modern men. Thus, Socrates is a modern man, because he appeals to our present conscience; Plato is modern, because he interprets our intuitions and taste, and Aristotle is modern, because he bases his science upon facts, and is the ancient master of the positivism that is the last word of the nineteenth century.

Whilst in England, I went to many places simply because I wished to go, and without asking why. Yet I am quite sure that those places were most interesting that had new life growing out of the old stock. Thus that half-dead old place, Stratford-on-Avon, drew me by an invisible charm. Yet the main impression there was that very little of Shakespeare was in that town, and that he had gone out everywhere into our modern life, and that he is the most modern of our men. It is somewhat odd that I was reminded less of him by the relics in the house that goes by the name, and which is shown to you by an old woman with such a sharp eye for shillings, than by some boys who were fishing for gudgeons in the Avon by the Lucy Mill, and who

would, I am very sure, have been worked up into some telling figure of a sonnet or play if glorious old Will could have seen them.

I wished very much to go to three places memorable as homes of masters of the religious literature of England in different ways—George Herbert, John Keble and Frederick W. Robertson—but I had no thought of being in all of these places the very same day. On Wednesday morning, June 30, 1869, I saw George Herbert's church at Bemerton; at noon, after a trip on the railroad, I drove about six miles from Bishopstoke to Keble's church at Hursley; and at evening, by railway, I was at Brighton by the sea near Robertson's home.

Salisbury is a strange old place, and looks more like a cathedral town than any I have seen. On arriving there from Exeter, I went to the White Hart Inn, then to the Cathedral and drove to Bemerton, which is only a few miles distant. The Cathedral charmed me by its old English architecture, and I rejoiced that there were fewer traces of the vandalism of the eighteenth century upon its walls and monuments than in others that I had seen. It was not easy to quit its aisles and close, but I wished to see Herbert's house towards evening, and

I was soon there. His church is very small—little better in appearance than a common school-house, with walls covered with a kind of rough cement. It was open, and a very courteous gentleman near the door received me kindly, and pointed out the antiquities of the place. This was the rector or vicar, Rev. Mr. P——, an excellent specimen of a Church-of-England minister, alike accomplished, humane and devout. He said that there was no inscription or monument of Herbert in the building, and only tradition testified to his being buried near the altar. There is an odd little window near the door, which is supposed to have been made for the purpose of dealing out alms to the sick, especially to such as had infectious or loathsome diseases like the leprosy. Daily morning service is held in the church, and thus the programme of the sainted poet's piety still survives. In itself the building has nothing poetical in its position or appearance, for it is a very ordinary, old-fashioned little structure, and stands, like some of the old village school-houses, out in the road, without enclosure or green lawn.

Near by, however, in a very slightly park stands the new Memorial Church of George Herbert, a handsome stone edifice of the best style. The

rector and his kindly wife went with me thither, and all that I saw was proof that Herbert was still a living name, and that this new shrine is a genuine gift of love from the heart of the new age. It was built a few years ago, and Mr P—— told me that among other distinguished men our Mr. Motley was present at the consecration. Mr. Gladstone gave the handsome bronze lectern, and Lady Herbert of Lea, who has since joined the Roman Catholic Church, presented the altar-cloth of crimson Genoa velvet. The building cost, if I remember rightly, five thousand pounds, a small sum for a pure and beautiful piece of architecture, and capable of seating some four hundred people, I judge. Mr. P—— proposes to build some proper school-houses near by for the children of the parish, and seems to have the welfare of the people very much at heart. He asked me to the vestry near by, a charming old estate on the banks of the Avon, with lawn, garden and orchard, all in fine condition. I sat under Herbert's medlar tree, which manages, with the help of zinc girdles, to keep some new life in its old branches, and was presented with a rich red rose, such as might well have been in the poet's mind when he wrote of the brave rose and of the worm of discord that :—

“did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves ; which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude, unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.”

A few words as to George Herbert's career may be of importance here, especially to those who cannot readily lay their hand on Izaak Walton's memorable life of him. He was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593, twenty-nine years after Shakespeare's birth—the fifth of seven sons of Richard Herbert, who was of the family of the famous William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, of Edward Fourth's time. He entered Cambridge in 1608, was elected Fellow of Trinity College in 1615, and Orator for the University in 1619, a conspicuous honor in those days. He was much at court with James I., a friend of Lord Bacon, and studied French, Spanish and Italian, with a view to political preferment ; but the death of powerful friends turned his mind to its congenial sphere, and he took orders in the Church. His first parish was in Lincolnshire, at Leighton-Bromswold, in 1626, and in 1630 he went to Bemerton, to a living which Charles I. presented to him at the request of

Philip Herbert, then Earl of Pembroke. He lived only two years longer, and died in February, 1632, at the age of thirty-nine.

I was surprised to find that he died so early, and lived so short a time in the parish that is so identified with his name. Yet it is the quality of the genius that gives him fame, and not the mere circumstances of times or places. When he was born, Spenser was forty years old, and when he died, Milton was twenty-four years old, and his name perhaps more than any other connects Spenser's and Milton's time, and has been, even more than theirs, a household and church word on the lips of the people. His poems were published first in 1633, and soon went through many editions, and Izaak Walton in the fourth edition of his life of Herbert (1674) says that more than twenty thousand copies had then been sold—a fact very memorable when we remember that then what we now call our religious poetry did not exist, and our popular hymn-writers had not begun to feel their inspirations.

One really asks what gave this man his power, and what keeps up his name? The reply is obvious. He helped on the great work of his age, which was to take old England out of the obsolete rule of the

Latin Church, and make her breathe and speak the life of the modern age. He helped to do for her in the Church, what Shakespeare did in literature and Bacon in science. He made religion speak the language of the human heart, and wedded the love of nature and humanity to the love of God, in verse that united the Hebrew faith to Grecian beauty. Thus he was one of the modern men of England, and he is so still. There are words of his that men will never let die, and he is famed alike for the homely common sense as well as for the spiritual elevation of his poetry. Thus how wisely he shows the dignity of all godly duty, when he says:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Then what exquisite beauty of sentiment, as well as language, there is in these two stanzas from his poem on virtue:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die."

* * * * * *

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

His prose is full of quaint wisdom, and his "Country Parson" is still a living book of counsel in thousands of English and American homes. He is indeed too quaint and sometimes too labored and far-fetched in some of his conceits, too little philosophical in his thinking and broad in his feeling for nature, for the spirit of our time. Yet he was full of live English fire, and with all his priestly asceticism he was a genuine champion of the liberties of England, and probably less near to Romish seceders than some of the recent churchmen who have been ready to canonize his name. Perhaps we may detect in his verse something of the Protestant mind of his mother University, Cambridge, as distinguished from Oxford, which has supplied most of the seceders to Rome. Whilst Keble was the greater poet, Herbert may be the truer Protestant, and his counsel, if followed, would perhaps have saved Archbishop Laud from his extravagance and his doom.

There is a great deal in Salisbury and its neighbor-

hood, Bemerton and Wilton, to illustrate Herbert's times. I saw, in the Pembroke Gallery at Wilton, Van Dyck's head of Charles I., who gave Herbert his living at Bemerton, and near by stood the splendid new Church which the late Sidney Herbert, afterwards called Lord Herbert of Lea, erected at his own cost—the finest new parish church that I found in all England. The young Earl, his son, was sick and away at sea. I was curious to know whether he sympathized with his mother's new Romanism, but was assured that he was much grieved at her secession from the Church of his father. I attended the daily morning service in the Wilton church, and found a respectable attendance and an impressive worship.

In the evening, after reaching Salisbury, I walked about the town and surveyed with great interest the Cathedral Close, which is surrounded with a massive wall, containing about half a mile square. I never saw any one establishment that so illustrates the extent and power of the old cathedral system as this enclosure, with its Cathedral and score of religious houses. It seemed like a huge camp of the Church Militant, and capable of accommodating an army of ecclesiastics. One little incident led me

to contrast the old times with the new. I undertook to walk all round the wall of the Close, and on the way I found a small chapel in the street outside, in which services were going on at dusk. I went in, and found the assembly leaving, and three Sisters of Charity left the Chapel and walked just in front of me down the street. As their way was the same as mine, I was desirous of seeing where they went. I followed on. They went beyond the turn of the wall of the Close into an obscure yard with some odd old buildings in the rear, and then disappeared. I could not but think of what their views of the situation probably are. They undoubtedly claim that whole magnificent establishment as theirs, as once belonging to the Roman Catholic Church and as in time coming back to it. They probably thought of that very consummation as they sung the Magnificat in their vesper service in their little Chapel, June 30, 1869, and the Pope is thinking of it now as he ponders over the so called Œcumenical Council at Rome.

My conviction is that the essential ideas that George Herbert carried with him twice a week from Bemerton to Salisbury, when he went to hear the charming music of the Cathedral, will have much

to do with deciding this matter and saving old England from kissing the "painted shrines" of the hills, and from following the undressed slattern of the valley, of whom he says :

" While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee."

How far England is thus to keep the old faith with all just modern freedom, is a question which the whole world is waiting for her to answer.

NEW SHRINES OF OLD ENGLAND. II.



JOHN KEBLE.

It is not a great distance from Bemerton to Hursley, or from Herbert's home to Keble's; but it is a very long way from the one man to the other, or from the time of Herbert's death, in 1632, to Keble's birth, in 1792.

I took a cab from Bishopstoke station to Hursley. The road is a dull one, through a flat country, with no fine estate to interest you, except Hursley Park, whose proprietor was father of the lady who married Richard Cromwell, who is buried in Hursley Church. But so dull is the interval of time that the whole ride suggested the interim between Herbert's death and Keble's birth—1632 to 1792. Within that time England, that already had gone through the struggle of the Reformation and parted from Rome, went through the four stages of the

great internal revolution that was to make her our modern England—the stages of the Commonwealth (1649), the Restoration of the Stuarts (1660), the expulsion of the Stuarts and the accession of William and Mary (1668), which secured what Englishmen regard justly as constitutional rights, and the grant of American Independence according to those rights (1783). Within that time France persisted in her policy of crushing the Reformation, and was tasting the bitter fruits of that policy by having a crew of godless destructives at her vitals instead of a host of Christian freemen among her defenders.

Keble was born April 25, 1792, just before the summer in which France was to enter the frenzy of the revolution and lay hands upon her King, and when England was entering that great reaction against the revolutionary spirit, in which Keble himself was to play so conspicuous a part in his way. He was the second child and eldest son of Rev. John Keble, of Fairford, Gloucestershire, and was brought up at home, with little more schooling, apparently, than his own docile and quick faculties readily sought. At the close of 1806, when within four months of his fifteenth year, he entered Corpus Christi College, at Oxford, and while an under-

graduate he won the first honors in the chief studies and associated with young men of the highest mark : such as Thomas Arnold, and John T. Coleridge, who is his chief biographer now. Between his graduation, in 1811, and his return to Fairford, in 1823, he lived generally at Oxford where he became a Fellow of Oriel College, and where he associated with the class of men who afterwards so figured with him in the church movements of the age. He busied himself with literature, teaching, and occasional pastoral service, for which he was ordained priest in 1816. At Fairford he had charge of a little church as curate, and seems there to have first formed the plan of his famous "Christian Year" in 1825, and in the spring of that year he took the curacy of Hursley, which he held only about a year, being drawn home to his father by the great loss that the family met in the death of a darling daughter. In 1827 he published his "Christian Year" anonymously, and without thinking that the book would be of any great importance to the world, and jocularly replying to an old pupil, who undertook to sound him on the subject, that he could not say that he was "much in expectation of its cutting out our friend, George Herbert." He evidently

little thought that in less than twenty-six years it would go through forty-three editions, and be sold to the extent of one hundred and eight thousand copies.

He lived for some years at home at Fairford, in various pastoral and literary labors, besides editing Hooker's works, and in 1831 he was chosen Professor of Poetry at Oxford—an office which he held for ten years, without being obliged to be at Oxford except to deliver his course of lectures. His sermon at the Summer Assize, at Oxford, in 1833, on National Apostacy, is said by Dr. Newman to have started the noted religious movement, which is now known as Tractarianism—a movement which, with all its excesses in some directions, has certainly done much to stir the stagnant waters of English theology, and, as Sir John Coleridge, in his moderate way, says: "Making every allowance for exaggeration, the change for the better is great, and to be observed not so much in bright instances here and there, as in the general tone of feeling and conduct in the higher appreciation of what the profession requires of its members, and the larger and more distant acknowledgment of duty." His father died in 1835, and in October of that year he married Miss

Charlotte Clarke and accepted the Vicarage of Hursley, where he remained till his death, March 29, 1866. His wife survived him only six weeks, and died May 11.

His leading works are the *Christian Year* (1827), *Version of the Psalms* (1839), *Lyra Innocentium* (1846.) He contributed several numbers to the *Oxford Tracts*, which ceased in 1841 ; and he began, with Drs. Newman and Pusey, in 1838. the editing of the " *Library of the Fathers*," a voluminous and important work. He had, of course, much to say and write on all the leading religious questions of the day, and it is very remarkable that he was allowed for more than thirty years to stay in that dull, out-of-the-way place, without being called by the Crown or the Church to any more conspicuous charge. Perhaps the leaders were more afraid of him on account of his entire honesty, and preferred to have him sing in his rural covert the religion of England without being set upon a high hill, where he might meddle too much with the theology and usages of England. His home had undoubtedly attractions enough for his taste, and work enough to occupy his time. I rode to the church at noon, June 30, and did the best that I could with so short

a time to stay. It is a handsome stone building, erected in 1846, I believe, under his own charge, in place of the old brick edifice of George the Second's prosaic times. The doors were open, and the daily service had apparently just been said. On the floor of the chancel before the altar, and on the spot where his body rested during the burial service, a handsome brass cross was let into the stone, round the edge of which, on a strip of brass, are inscribed some words of the Litany, that call for the Saviour's intercession by the power of his death and resurrection.

A gate opened into the parsonage grounds, which were lovely with the green lawn and blooming roses, and the quaint old building which had an odd-looking low wall, apparently within a few feet of its lower story. Not many rods from the churchyard there was a village street, with a row of old-fashioned Dutch looking houses or stores, with diamond shaped glass in the windows. The whole place was most interesting and suggestive, and I was sorry to be unable to stay and call on the new Vicar, and beg of him a rose in remembrance, and look through the several little hamlets, with the three or four churches under his vicarage. I had to hurry back

for the Winchester train, but I did not leave without a great blessing from the poet's home and church and grave ; a blessing that I have not lost.

Your readers will like to know these particulars of a man whose poems have probably been more widely read in America than those of any religious author in our day. They will like also to know that he was a laborious and affectionate pastor, not neglecting the old people in the workhouse or the rough and roguish boys of the cottages in his ministrations, and striving with all his might to bring the whole flock within church influence by earnest preaching, catechising, the sacraments, and the Sunday and the week-day services. He seems to have been a man of tender affections, genial friendships, not a little quiet humor, sober judgment, susceptible feeling, exquisite taste, and earnest piety, as well as of poetical genius. His great work is the "Christian Year," and this we all ought to know by heart. It is with many good people next to the Bible and Prayer-Book, and is not losing power with time. It is an important question, What is the secret of its influence? and the answer is not difficult. It is a fresh utterance of piety and humanity out of the living heart and thought of our

time. It puts the mind and the sentiment of the living age into the round of Christian truths and duties, and makes readers feel that the good old religion breathes the air of to-day, and walks in its sunshine and drinks of its clear waters, and feeds upon its fruits and flowers. It is in the best sense of the word a modern book; and it is especially full of that love of nature that is such a leading characteristic of this century.

I was a great deal with that profound thinker and scholar, Dr. Edwards A. Park, of Andover, Mass., at Geneva, last summer; and once, when returning from Ferney with him by Lake Lemán, and in sight of Mont Blanc, he spoke of the remarkable growth of the love of natural beauty in our time, and referred to the Geneva people and their charming gardens and villas as proof of the fact. He said that he owned over thirty works of Calvin, and that he had read every one of them, yet he did not remember a single reference in them all, either to the lovely scenery around Geneva, the stern theologian's home, or to the beauty of creation in general. How signally this indifference has passed away, and such poet's as Wordsworth and his school, and such artists as Turner and our great American

landscape painters, not only educate, but indicate the growth of the love of nature in our age. Keble, probably more than any other man, has wedded this love of nature with the Christian religion, and made us feel that the Gospel and Christ, instead of being the monstrous devices of priestcraft and superstition, are from the Creator of the universe and the Father of our spirits, and wholly in harmony with His Eternal Word, that supreme wisdom, love and beauty from which they sprang. Readers may not think of this fact when they read and love Keble, but they may feel it none the less. Who needs dry disquisition on the harmony of nature and faith, or of the union of Greek taste with Hebrew piety, to enable him to see the charm of lines like these, upon the "Baptism of his Child:"

"Oh tender gem, and full of heaven!
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh."

How much these words differ from the usual strain of dogmatic theologians in discussing this subject. Even the catechism, which is to so many unhappy girls and boys a name for dullness and suffering, is to him all bright with life, and he sings thus of it :

"Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes
 To childish ears are vain,
 That the young mind at random floats,
 And cannot reach the strain.

* * * * *

Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark
 Our rude essays of love,
 Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,
 Heard by some twilight grove :

Yet is He near us, to survey
 These bright and order'd files,
 Like spring flowers in their best array,
 All silence and all smiles."

If we estimate the "Christian Year" by the law of the higher criterion, and measure its dignity in the empire of letters, we may call it the chorus which the mind of our age furnishes to that great drama of the Incarnation, which forms the essence of the Church year, that begins with the Advent and ends with the triumph of the Redeemer. Keble leads the choir, and joins to his voice the various voices of our modern thought and life. A very different, and more analytic and penetrating, but not wholly unlike mind, Alfred Tennyson, has tried the same thing with another theme, and his "In Memoriam" is the chorus of his school of thinkers to the great drama, not of God with man-

kind, but of individual life as presented in Arthur Hallam. Both books have been read and wept over by thousands, and will not die, but the Christian Churchman has a richer theme as well as a brighter spirit than the philosophical poet, while in some passages they meet each other—the philosopher taking church blessings, and the Christian giving us the philosopher's intuitions. We ought all to rejoice that they both belong to the nineteenth century, the English tongue, and to our sacred Christendom.

Keble's *Miscellaneous Poems* add something to our estimate of his range, and give us poems of humor, and also of love, that bring him very near to our common nature. But I cannot quote from them, and must say a few words of his place in our modern life. He is certainly wholly a modern man in his culture, whilst he builds his whole thought upon the ancient Gospel and Church in what he calls the true Catholic faith. In this tendency he belongs to a great and apparently growing class of men and women, who wish to be Catholic without being Roman, and who believe that all true progress is growth from the old root. We may, on the whole, give him the highest place among the champions of this movement in England, and say that they

who do not accept his theology may accept his religion and wish that its truly catholic temper might inspire the whole church and world. Where is there more liberality than this :

“Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.”

His two old associates in the Tractarian movement, Pusey and Newman, survive him (1870) and are at work in very different ways—Pusey still defending Anglo-Catholicism against Rome, and Newman doing all he can to train preachers for the service of the Papacy. I saw Pusey in London in June, and wrote you of his appearance at the time and of his presence among his English Catholic friends. I heard from Dr. Newman lately through a friend who saw him at Birmingham, and who heard him deny the frequent assertion that England is falling into the Pope's arms, and declare his conviction that the Church of England still strongly holds to its old standards and would not become Roman. The three met at Hursley in September, 1865, twenty-five years after the Tractarian scheme exploded by the condemnation of the famous Tract No. 90. I will describe the visit in Newman's own words :

“Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley, I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards, hearing from Pusey that he too was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once, would be more, I feared, than I could bear. * * * In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollect so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do; nor, indeed, had he expected me; for ‘Pusey,’

he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware.'

"Then he brought me into his study, and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me.

"I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one or two. He was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause in which I could not substantially differ from them.

"Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in the Church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. He said he would write to me in the Isle of Wight, as soon as his wife got better, and then I should come over and have a day with him. We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the Church and Churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go."

At this time Keble was seventy-two years old, Pusey sixty-five and Newman sixty-four.

They never met again, and I leave Keble's name now, with the remark that the catholicity of good will that they felt for each other at this meeting was deeper and better than the catholicism of opinion about which they disputed and divided. For, in some way, all true souls are coming together, and Keble's muse is to help on the grand march of the people of God.

In another paper I will close this little series with an article on quite a different man, whose home I next visited—a man who blew the martial trumpet as Keble touched the poet's harp.

NEW SHRINES OF OLD ENGLAND. III.



FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

I would like to take Herbert and Keble with me to Brighton, to the home of Robertson, and let their faces and temper illustrate his characteristic. They were both men somewhat of the ascetic build and disposition. Hebert was, according to Izaak Walton, "of a statue inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight; and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him." Keble appears from his portrait to have been also tall and thin; and of his two portraits Sir John Coleridge says "Each brings him back to me as he was; in the earlier, he had some of the merry defiance he

could assume in argument ; in the latter, I see the sad tenderness of his advanced years. Keble had not regular features : he could not be called a handsome man, but he was one to be noticed anywhere and remembered long ; his forehead and hair beautiful in all ages ; his eyes, full of play, intelligence, and emotion, followed you while you spoke ; and they lighted up, especially with pleasure, or indignation, as it might be, when he answered you."

With these men for companions, let us look in upon the home of this handsome young soldier who spoke to the world from the pulpit of Brighton, that retreat of idlers and perhaps pet residence of snobs.

The ride from Winchester thither has considerable interest from the picturesque castles and churches on the way, and as you approach the sea at Portsmouth, you are impressed with the strength of Old England that towers up in the masts of the men-of-war, and frowns upon you from the heights in the many lines of fortifications. Brighton is directly on the sea, and its position there seems to be its chief beauty and importance as a watering-place. It has no harbor and no shipping, and the little steamer that took us over to Dieppe, July 2,

starts from New Haven, a seaport a few miles off. The street on the sea was fine, and was full of people on foot, or horse, or donkey, or in carriages. The donkey seems to be a great institution there, and is always on hand for a cheap ride, especially for girls or boys.

My window at the excellent hotel looked out upon the sea and over towards Normandy, and a bright star above held out its memorial lamp over Robertson's home. One might then well think of what he said to the Workingmen in 1852, in his Lecture on Poetry: "Nay even round this Brighton of ours, treeless and prosaic as people call it, there are materials enough for Poetry, for the heart that is not petrified in conventional maxims about beauty. Enough in its free downs, which are ever changing their distance and their shape, as the lights and cloud-shadows sail over them, and over the graceful forms of whose endless variety of slopes the eye wanders, unarrested by abruptness with an entrancing feeling of fulness, and a restful satisfaction to the pure sense of Form. And enough upon our own sea-shore and in our rare sunsets."

I enquired about his Church and grave, but found no satisfactory information, and the people at the

hotel knew nothing of him. A bright lady whom I met in London told me where he once preached, and gave me a note to a clerical friend who had all the information, but he was not at home, and I made my way to Ship Street, in search of Trinity Chapel. The gate was closed, but the door was open within, and I gave a shilling to a mason who was at work on the sidewalk, to climb over and let me in. The building is a very ordinary one in material and architecture, more like a second rate Dissenting Chapel than an Established Church edifice. A woman was setting things to rights inside, apparently after some considerable repairs and changes had been made. There was nothing but the walls to speak of Robertson, for the pulpit, the font, the communion table, and I think even the chancel, were all new. There was a marble tablet on the left wall, but it bore the name of his predecessor, and there was no word of the preacher whose name is more widely known than that of any minister of the Church of England of our day. An intelligent young man of whom I obtained some money at the bank, spoke with enthusiasm of him as the pastor of his earlier days and made light of the name of the old predecessor on the tablet, who, he

said, had bolted with an other man's wife, and thus had been more rigid as to the Creed than to the Commandments. What the church wardens and the parish however, have neglected, the people of the town have attended to. A monument has been erected to Robertson in Brighton Cemetery, and the workmen, who asked to have a share in it, on one side have placed a medallion, representing their benefactor seated in his library in earnest conversation with three artisans. They also asked leave to keep the grass-plot free from weeds and to supply it with fresh flowers. Several memorials of him have been set up in this country. I believe that his bust has been placed in a Congregational church or chapel in Connecticut ; and a volume of his Sermons, with one of Channing's, is in the corner-stone of the Church of the Messiah on our Murray Hill. His Sermons have been published in the famous Tauchnitz Library of popular classics, and in that respect they stand by themselves, for I think they are the only strictly religious book, except the New Testament, which has been printed in that library of more than a thousand volumes.

There certainly must be something in this man to account for his remarkable power—a power that

is all the more memorable when we remember that he had all the fire of an extempore speaker, and preached without notes, and yet this light shines and kindles after his lips are silent and that fire is extinguished in death. I suppose that the secret is told when we say that he was every inch a man of the new age and gave a brave, sweet and enlightened manhood to the Christian pulpit and pastoral care. His five volumes of sermons and his various lectures and addresses are a rich treasure of his thought and virtue, while it is evident that much of his eloquence is lost to us from the frequent imperfect reports of his extempore sermons. They show us what it was that made him the most popular modern preacher alike to workingman and the cultivated classes. They prove that he did not trust to any of the common arts of winning favor from the many. He had no vulgarity of expression or temper, no abuse of the wealthy to please the poor, no ridicule of sacred things or established usages, such as please a certain class of keen thinkers and bold reformers. He was wholly a gentleman, a Christian, and what is more—an English Churchman. He exhorted the workingmen not to admit infidel literature into their library at Brighton, and warned them against the

folly and mischief of destructive socialism. He was an earnest champion of the Scriptures and bold as were his criticisms, they were always reverential, and he always took it for granted that it was his business to interpret, not to originate, the Gospel that he preached.

He certainly was a modern man, and tried in all things to discern the law within the precedent or institution, and to ascend from the facts to the principle. He had the "sweetness and light" which Matthew Arnold regards as marks of the true modern mind after the Greek pattern, and he brought this "sweetness and light" into the old Church and Gospel, like the incense and the golden candlestick of the Hebrew sanctuary. He insisted that religion is given not merely to meet the frailty but the worth of our human nature, and that we should give to God the best that we are, and have, and can do, and not merely our complaints and sins. He is a great thinker in his way, and gives his manly thought to his work, and always maintains that the Gospel, which presents the Supreme wisdom to man, must be accepted by his best mind, enjoyed as the transcendent truth and practised as the transcendent virtue. He makes great account of the

will element in religion, and was a hero in his theology as well as in his action, holding evidently the grand principle that God is the Supreme Motive, and every true child of His must receive the inspiration of His force as well of His wisdom. He gave great emphasis also to the element of beauty in his teaching, and affirmed that moral beauty is the perfection of all loveliness, and that it should feed in all fields where living waters run, and fresh grass grows, and sweet flowers bloom, worship with all ministries of pure art and love, with all the loving and lovely on earth and in heaven.

Robertson's life had a vein of sadness in it which is not difficult to account for. He was never in full health, and certain overstrained instances of his thinking are to be ascribed to his morbid nervous condition. He went to Brighton in August, 1847, at the age of thirty-one, after having served as curate a year at Winchester, four years at Cheltenham and a few months at Oxford. He had been bred among military men and had the offer of a commission in the army, but, quite as much by his father's urgency as his own choice, he went to Oxford, and in due time entered the Church. I was glad to see a good bust of him in the Bodleian Library there last

summer; and to read in his features the marks of his great intellect and heroic purpose, with the shadow of sadness and touches of delicate sensibility that marked his career. He continued his ministry only six years at Brighton, and died in 1853; when the stores were closed and the whole city went out to honor his memory, the workingmen being the foremost of the mourners.

A thoughtful and especially a scholarly reader of his works will see that, with all his large wisdom and sustained fidelity, there was an extreme intensity of mind and character that led him sometimes to a too defiant temper and sometimes to an exaggerated estimate of his personal responsibility, and in fact of all human ability. He never picked quarrels on his own account, yet he was not always fair towards men of more churchly zeal and policy than himself, and whilst he was free from the folly of the sheer naturalism that led so many about him to know no religion but Man and Nature, he rested too much in man's individual thought and purpose, with inadequate views of the inspirations and powers that dwell in institutions, and are as essential to the social man and the spiritual sphere as the air, light and water, the earth and its elements are essential to the

kingdom of Nature. He never denied or slighted divine communications, but he was sometimes overpressed by the sense of his own wish and will, and he took upon his aching head something of the responsibility that belongs to God and the Redeemer alone.

One trait of his experience illustrates the defect that I refer to. His biography speaks of his feeling in Switzerland, where he so often travelled, and states that all that beauty and sublimity in his later years made him sad. Was it not because these mountains perhaps stimulated him by their uplifting forms, instead of soothing him by their gifts of heaven's bounty; as if they lifted him to battle like the Titan's uplifted spear, instead of calling him to peace as at the footstool of God, and the fountains ever flowing with living waters from above? Life, like that wonderful land, is full of mountains, but they ought to be beautiful with the footsteps of the angels of peace, and nature herself, that covers those banks and cliffs with flowers that are born of the dew and sunshine, teaches us to interpret the gracious side of religion. I was amused at the number of flowers that I saw one day in climbing a single high mountain; and soon afterwards, when I went into

the Botanical Garden at Zurich, to see the eight hundred Alpine flowers on the catalogue, I found but few of them in bloom, and I had seen more of them in their native air in that single ascent, than in that treasury of the whole flora of the Alps. It seems to me that Robertson asked too much of human nature, or perhaps offered too little of the grace of heaven, and bade his pilgrims climb too proudly the Delectable Mountains, with a cry of "Excelsior," sometimes more in the daring of the stoic than the faith of the devotee. Yet his best thought was sacred, and his nervous irritability did not invade the shrine of his intellect, nor take him from his filial trust.

I do not suppose that he and Keble ever met, although they lived so near each other and might have dined together any day they chose. How comforting it might have been for a man of Robertson's fine taste and overwrought powers to have rested a few days in that charming parsonage at Hursley, under the saintly poet's soothing influence, with so many subjects common to them both as Oxford graduates, men of letters and English Churchmen! The interview might have done them both good, and enlarged the poet's thinking, while it

soothed the orator's temper, and, perhaps, deepened his Church loyalty. Keble had been about eleven years at Hursley when Robertson went to Brighton. I find in Keble's life only this reference to Robertson, in a letter written shortly before his own death.

"We read Mackenzie's Life long ago; Robertson's I have not met with, and I doubt whether I should like it; 'honest doubts,' as one calls them, are not very pleasant on a sick-bed. For the same reason, I don't care to read "Ecce Homo," but it will be a very agreeable disappointment if the writer turns out a Christian at last; and I will pull of my hat to him, and beg his pardon."

Here, too, is a specimen of Robertson's temper towards Keble: "However out of date the efforts of the Tractarians may seem to you—to reproduce the piety of the past through the forms of the past, instead of striving, like a true prophet, to interpret the aspirations of the present in forms which shall truly represent and foster them—what man is there to whose heart Keble has not shown that in Tractarianism, too, there is a soul of goodness; a life and a meaning, which mere negations cannot destroy?"

We Americans are greatly interested in men like these, and already we have shrines of poets and

preachers akin to them. Perhaps, just now these two classes of men are more prominent with us than any other, and when the time for building their monuments comes, there will be no lack of marble nor of mourners. With us, however, the leaders of both classes press forward in the same direction, and nor popular poems and sermons are full of our new hope and progress. Channing and Parker among the dead, and Bushnell and Beecher among the living, are best known and read of our preachers at home and abroad, and they all have much of Robertson's humanity, hope and insight, while not one of them has his historical breadth, and his masterly sense of the real nerves and muscles of feeling and power in the Scriptures. Our pulpit is probably outgrowing the folly that Theodore Parker so often fell into—the folly of thinking that the new shrines can part with the old Cross and the New World can dispense with the old Gospel.

We are, or ought to be, the most modern people on earth, and our literature ought to express the most advanced life of the race. But we are seeing more and more, that modern mind is far more than the newest fashion, and that in all true progress there must be a sort of calm conservative faith and

wisdom. They who go so fast and so far as to get out of sight of the New Testament are not likely to run long or to do well, for they part from their guiding light or they are torn away from their living root. I bought at Dresden, for half a German dollar, or thirty-five cents, Tauchnitz's handsome edition of Tischendorf's New Testament of nearly five hundred pages; and I saw in Rome the Pope's new publication of the New Testament from the Vatican manuscript, at the price of twenty-five dollars, gold. So the old shrine is always new, and the names of Herbert, Keble and Robertson confirm our belief that the New Testament has made the new age and still leads our modern times.

The best things never die, and the stars and the earth, and the truths that "shine like stars," and the charities that "soothe, heal and bless like flowers," live on with our life, and our new wisdom but values them more and interprets them better. One characteristic modern principle that is in the van of all true progress is this—that ideas should be taken from facts and not facts from ideas. What fact is there greater than God and Christianity, and the reason and conscience and humanity that are to receive and illustrate them?

So say our sages in every sphere, and our poets and preachers are of the same mind, and are finding new inspiration in positive truth and actual history. Could the thousands and hundreds of thousands in Europe and America who have read Keble and Robertson meet together, we may be quite sure that we should find in them reverence as well as hope, order as well as prayer, faith as well as knowledge, with all the new and worthy life of modern civilization. Your readers probably for the most part are willing to train in that company, and help on the day when true men shall come together under such music as Keble's and such heroes as Robertson's ——

“ When the war-drum throbs no more, and the
battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of men, the federation of
the world.—”

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.



Our Public Men.

Modern history has turned very much upon what Europe has been doing in America, and probably present and future history is to turn quite as much upon what America is doing in Europe. Of course this New World has for nearly four hundred years been reacting upon the Old World, and the Spanish, French and English colonies did a great deal to bring out the enterprise and ambition, and to stir the imagination, of the mother countries. But the influence of what we may call our characteristic American ideas comes within the century now ending with the near centennial of our National Independence, 1876. Our revolutionary struggle told mightily upon the oppressed people and classes of Europe. Such conservative statesmen as Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton and Jay did much to cheer as

well as to sober the hopes of European liberals, whilst Jefferson and his school of radicals were felt in the frenzy of the new French democracy.

Yet, probably, our America has never been so much in the thoughts of Europeans, alike of the privileged classes, and of the people at large, as since the close of our great war for the life of the nation and the liberty of man. Perhaps the year just closed (1869) has given us the most emphatic notice, since it has shown the world the probable footing up of the whole conflict; and taught the world not only that we can fight bravely, and pay taxes patiently, and submit to law peacefully, but that we are recovering from our great disaster, paying the principal as well as the interest of our national debt, and calmly calling the great powers of Europe to account for the treatment of us in our strife with a semi-barbarous insurrection. I confess to being much surprised everywhere at the respect paid to our name and people, and was glad to ascribe to this feeling towards a great nation a large share of the courtesy that was shown, whether in aristocratic circles or among the plainest of the laboring class. I propose to write out some of my impressions of the bearing and influence of Americans abroad,

speaking in turn of our public men, our travellers in general, and our women in particular.

When I landed in Ireland, one name was upon every intelligent person's lips, and our generally bland, scholarly and humane senator, Charles Sumner, was spoken of as the savage and blood-thirsty zealot for a terrible war upon England. Everybody asked me about him, from the driver on his box to the lord at the breakfast-table, and all were comforted at the assurance that Mr. Sumner was no "rawhead and bloody bones," and that often his rhetoric was more alarming than his logic, and that his speech upon the Alabama question met with favor from our people not because they thought of making war, but because they felt aggrieved in the point of honor, and believed that Reverdy Johnson had treated with Clarendon as if the matter at issue were one merely of dollars and cents. I did not find any Englishman who had read the speech himself, and had seen that there was not a single threat of blood from the beginning to the end. The alarm, however false, nevertheless showed the condition of England. The English are brave and have no great objection to any kind of a fair fight, but they are also cool and calculating, and they saw the agony

and ruin that war with America would bring upon them. One gentleman in the civil service, whom I met at Oxford, asked me whether I thought the American people would like to have Canada or Cuba the most, and said that a war would hurt us greatly and ruin England.

It was interesting to hear the general professions of good-will towards us, and the only confession of sympathy with the slaveholders' insurrection was from men who said that we were growing too great and strong, and a division would make of us two comparatively modest and harmless nations. Probably our English cousins forget most of the hard things that they said during the war, and how many times our men were asked if the North had any General equal to Lee, or any Statesman equal to Jefferson Davis, or if we ever expected to get over the defeat and disgrace of Bull Run. Mr. Motley thought his English friends strangely oblivious of what they had said to him when he was in London in the early years of the war, and I heard some peers say that he was very irritable on the whole subject—a charge that is easily explained when it is known that the country was often assailed within his hearing and her ruin predicted, not in tones of grief; and that

once, at one of the great clubs—the Athenæum, I believe—our patriotic historian took to the stump for our abused flag and gave a scathing philippic in face of our maligners. Now the clubs, the press and Parliament have changed their tone, and they seem to think that Brother Jonathan is a most hopeful young fellow, and takes more and more after his father John, in spite of some shortcomings in stoutness of leg and fulness of stomach.

An American on his first visit to a great metropolis like London wishes to see how he is represented officially abroad, and this matter of the civil service is becoming constantly more important. I found the office of the American Legation in a handsome apartment of the Langham Hotel, and Mr. Moran, the Secretary, always most intelligent and accommodating. The Minister, Mr. Motley, had not yet taken a house, but was accessible at his hotel, and earnest to do all in his power for his countrymen who sought him. I could not but be struck with his appearance as I saw him among Englishmen—this Boston Yankee among the gentry and nobles of England. I think I saw no man in London—certainly not in the Houses of Lords or Commons—with more marks of intellect and dignity in his face

and bearing. If we take the American head, as it has been represented at the English court, by such characteristic specimens as are comprised between the masterly strength of Webster and the scholarly grace of Motley, we have no reason to be ashamed of our men or of our mothers. As I talked with our Minister, and saw the fine lines of thought upon his features, and the silver mingled with the black upon his head, I could not but think of him as he was some forty years ago at our Cambridge, when he belonged to a speaking club that met in the evening at the old college chapel, and he was fond of declaiming Byron with a down-turned collar and a handsome throat much in the Byron style. In forty years many things have happened to us all, and he has done his part in the thought and action of the period. It is strange that while most of the conspicuous undergraduates of his class and day have died or lost their fame, two youths who had no great college reputation, but were somewhat free-and-easy fellows, with little to distinguish them but generous literary tastes and genial manners, have become the most distinguished men of their circle. I mean Motley and Sumner. Our Minister was evidently regarded with intense interest in England,

and statesmen who questioned his experience and civic wisdom, acknowledged his learning, accomplishments and rectitude. Their fear seemed to be that he was more of a theorist than a statesman, and would look more to radical abstractions than to the light of history and the settled precedents of international law. By this time they have learned that he can be prudent as well as brilliant, and control his tongue as well as yield his pen.

There is one little matter of diplomatic service to which I will call attention. The Minister has the right to introduce a limited number of Americans to the debates in the Houses of Lords and Commons. At the great debate on the Irish Church bill, I was favored with one of the only two passes given to Americans to enter the House of Lords. I went long before the hour, and found the large hall next the entrance nearly empty, and a few people scattered along the seats. I showed the officer in waiting my ticket of admission and asked permission to wait there and have a seat. He refused, and said that I must wait outside, standing, until five o'clock, when the doors would be opened. I did so; and saw scores of people enter, until the empty benches were filled. At five the doors were opened, and

those already inside the entrance hall went first into the House of Lords, and when we outsiders entered the outer hall all the places on the benches assigned to guests inside were taken, and we were left to the dismal comfort of sitting upon the seats outside that had just been vacated by those who had superseded us. I probably did not understand the mystery of the silver key in opening doors of state, and was too reverential towards officials in blue cloth and gold lace, to offer the shilling, crown, or even the sovereign that I would readily have given to hear that great debate. So after waiting still a long time for a profitable chance, I gave it up and tried to get some little comfort out of a late dinner, instead of the anticipated banquet of words.

The Secretary of Legation made up for the disappointment afterwards, by going himself with Senator Chandler and me, to the House of Lords, and showing us great curiosities in the library, among them the original death-warrant of Charles I., with the signatures of the regicides.

In Paris the midsummer heat had driven our Minister to the springs, but the office of the American Legation was well filled, and our indefatigable friend Moore always carries all America in his mind

and on his pen and tongue. Our Consul, too, was in the city, and a most courteous and intelligent officer he is. Mr. Burlingame was there, also, with his Chinese, and those worthy Orientals were to be seen everywhere. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and my impression of his peculiar power was much deepened. He is the best specimen that I have known of the cosmopolitan mind that looks upon the whole race, not with a metaphysician's theory, a philanthropist's vision, or a conqueror's ambition, but with plain practical sense and the idea of bringing the nations together and making a joint-stock company of the products of the whole globe. His mind had grandeur in the sweep of his common sense, and his will was heroic, not only in his personal courage but in his large diplomacy. He evidently took all America, as well as all Asia and Europe, into his thoughts and plans; and he had made himself a citizen of all sections of the nation; and being a native of New York, he was a representative from Massachusetts, and a large landowner, and probable resident of California. His religious affinities took something of the same range, and while a liberal in his thinking, he looked upon Methodism as the best representative of

American Christianity, and favored its extension.

I parted with Mr. Burlingame at a friend's genial table in Paris, with the conviction that to a few men the highest praises are given, and here was a man who had all the great honors and comforts in the prime of life, with full health and a fair prospect of the highest place in the gift of our people. He was the last man whose obituary I ever expected to write, and the recent telegram from St. Petersburg, announcing his sudden death, seemed at first to be incredible. He has gone, and we can say in comfort that the most magnificent piece of diplomacy of our age is identified with his name, and his shining mantle, without any stain or rent, falls from his solid shoulders, not upon the ground but upon the nations that he has done so much to bring together in sagacious policy and large humanity.

Some men we never think of as born to die, and he was one. Henry J. Raymond and Starr King were others. All three liked this world and the world liked them, and there was enough here for them to do and to enjoy. Yet they were all cut off in their prime, and they will always seem to us as still fresh and young, even when we their associates, may be old men. I do not think old age an evil

state, for it may be a man's best time ; and I met last week at Boston as wise and truthful a man as I know—an ex-president of Harvard University,—who said that he had enjoyed life most for the six years since his seventieth year, and his bright and thoughtful face was proof of his meaning. Good old President Quincy, moreover, was fond of saying that his best times came after he was eighty years of age. But there is nevertheless something to be said in behalf of death before the weary years come on, when so many fall from their noblest love, and live to cumber the ground before the ground is ready to take them to their too kindred dust. So I take leave of Anson Burlingame, with my pen in this hand that I supposed would be in the grave years before his hand would drop, and when perhaps his pen might be signing state papers from the White House or from the President's room next the Senate Chamber.

I do not believe that our nation has anywhere been better represented than by Mr. Bancroft at Berlin. His mastery of the German language and literature is remarkable, and probably beyond that of any American. His disposition and tastes also fit him for his position, and his house is the centre

of the best society whether European or American.

In one respect he does great service to liberal principles in Berlin—by bringing scholars and statesmen to meet together, and, especially, by giving men of letters that respect which in Germany is given too exclusively to titled dignitaries of the court and army. Mere money does not rule in Berlin, as it too generally does in New York; but princes, nobles and generals carry the day. Scholars rank higher indeed than merely moneyed men, and they go to court and receive orders of merit, yet they are set below the nobility, the army and diplomatic dignitaries, and are sometimes made to feel their subordination. I saw no high functionary of state but Mr. Bancroft at the academic festival, and he was evidently welcomed always with peculiar regard by the men who knew his cordial love of learning and his own great services to letters and philosophy. I was proud of the man when, at the great festival in memory of Humboldt, he was called up to answer for America, and he spoke out American feeling in pure German that brought the immense company to their feet with cheers. The name of Humboldt suggests alike the greatness of German thought and the smallness of the ruling caste, for I was told by

a man of science, lately from Berlin, that the King last year refused a place to the Humboldt statue on the Grand Square, because it was intended for princes and soldiers, who, of course, are of higher worth than mere philosophers!

At Florence I found our most solid, scholarly and resolute countryman, Mr. Marsh, representing American principles where they are probably more needed than in any country in Europe. He carries much weight, I judged, at the Italian court, and his opinion is often sought on important state questions. He lives outside the walls of the city, in a grand old villa, which seemed to me large enough to house all the Americans who were in Italy, and which cost less than the modest house in which I am writing. He seemed to do a good deal towards making an American circle in Florence, and at church and at home his face seemed to encourage our good old principles of reverence and sociality. He is the least of an Italian in his temperament of all men that I know, and his cool, reserved habit is quite the reverse of the Florentine mode; but he may be none the less suited to his place, for where there is so much of the Italian there is need of something more solid—some beef and mutton to balance that

macaroni. Our Consul in Florence, Mr. Graham, is evidently a decided acquisition to American society there, and a help to all our travellers in the Kingdom of Italy.

It is a frequent and important question whether we ought to have a Minister in Rome, and surely, so far as social influence and the comfort of American travellers are concerned, there seems to be enough for a Minister, or at least for a Chargé d' Affaires to do. In a merely commercial point, of course, Rome is a cipher, and the Papal States produce little but matters of religion and the fine arts. Yet much is probably done at Rome to shape the policy of nations, and it is important that we should have a man of culture and position to represent American ideas. As it is, we have an excellent Consul in Mr. Armstrong, and an efficient friend in Mr. Hooker, the American banker.

Such men as Messrs. Clarke, Graham, Armstrong and Duncan, in Milan, Florence, Rome and Naples, are a public benefaction, and I record my sense of their fidelity.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.



Our People Abroad.

We have been so much associated of late years with the people of Europe in business, literature, philosophy and religion, that very little of the old provincial jealousy remains, and perhaps we tend more to copy foreign ways than to quarrel with foreign manners. It is becoming a very important question with us to be decided, what is our proper bearing towards Europe, and whether we are on every occasion to thrust forward our own nationality to the disparagement of other nations, or on the other hand to keep our flag and citizenship in the background and be as European as possible in speech and in habits. Our travellers are settling the question for themselves by going abroad in entire manliness and trust, and speaking and acting like good Americans who are bound to be as much at home

as they can be in Europe, and to make the best of the institutions and people that they meet there.

Very likely we are on the eve of such a rush to Europe as was never known before, and if any enterprising man, like Cook in London, should organize travel from America through Europe as he has organized travel from England through the old world, in such a way as to secure safe, agreeable and economical conduct, there would be no limit to the number that would pack their trunks and be off. I am confident that with proper arrangements a man may make the usual tour of Europe for a thousand dollars in six months, and for a thousand dollars more he may see Egypt and Syria, and return by Turkey and Greece to Italy or France, after a full year's absence. A much less sum will do if one is willing to make a pilgrim's sacrifices and rough it in food and conveyances. Very likely an enthusiast, who is ready to live simply and take second-class accommodation, and once in a while foot it up and down hills with knapsack on his back and crackers in his pocket, may make the great tour of Europe and the East, of a year's time, for what it costs a plain clerk to live in New York, and perhaps he might not spend the whole of a thousand dollars.

It is commonly supposed that Americans abroad are a set of reckless spendthrifts, and on that account they are so generally welcome. I did not receive that impression from the large number of our countrymen that I met, for they seemed, on the contrary, to be very careful of their money, and unwilling to be imposed upon. Of course they find it hard to fall in with the pinching ways of treating the various classes of servants and guides, and, at first, are likely to use silver when only copper is expected. Even this extravagance they, in time, correct, and generally try to follow the usages of the places which they visit, and deal according to the established tariff of rates. They are popular, I think, in great part because they are more gentle and humane in their temper and manners, more courteous towards inferiors, and especially more deferential to women in all stations than is usual with Europeans of the same position. It certainly seemed to me that our people abroad were marked by their gentle breeding, and also that our usual American manners are superior to those of Europe. In travel at home, we know next to nothing of the rudeness of Germany and Italy, where men smoke generally villanous cigars in railway cars without

asking whether you like it or not, and with no apparent regard to the presence of ladies. I always tried to avoid this nuisance by taking a car marked for non-smokers, but it was hard to keep the mischief out. I found myself alone at night in a fine first-class car from Prague to Nuremberg, and enjoyed the solitude that my utter non-belief in tobacco secured, but after midnight the conductor brought two young German swells to the door, with cigars in their mouths flaming like the locomotive chimney; whereupon, in spite of their official buttons—and perhaps their army gold lace—I pointed remorselessly to the inscription on the door, “Fur Nicht-Raucher,” “For non-smokers,” and with obvious surprise and not obvious satisfaction, the two swells sought other quarters. How different are our American habits! Every rough backwoodsman knows that he must not smoke in a public conveyance unless it is expressly permitted; and he would be ready to pitch into the snow-bank or into the mud any rude fellow who might presume to puff his cigar into a lady's nostrils.

They seem to know Americans everywhere by sight in Europe. It is not easy for us to say why; and everywhere they seem equally glad to see us.

Rich men, of course, were especially welcome ; yet there was no apparent disposition to slight those of us who had little money to spend, and who have quite as little readiness to submit to any imposition. Generally they gave our people seats together at the table, and, without any request on our part, we found ourselves next to our personal friends. Perhaps public men were most noticed, and I do not remember seeing any American who was more observed than a very good-looking young fellow, who acted as marshal to our American portion of the great procession at Geneva, during the Swiss Jubilee in September, and who had taken from his trunk, for the occasion, the army uniform which he wore with honor in our war. They seemed to think him some grand official, and his sword, epaulets, and buttons carried the day over our plain citizen's clothes.

It is not easy to divide our people, as they appear in Europe, into separate classes ; since they nearly all go to the same hotels, and have the same general tone of speech and manners. Scholars, artists, merchants, and even the higher class of sailors and mechanics, conform to very much the same usages and at times associate freely together. Perhaps the

profession which makes a man the friend and brother of all classes of men made me see only the kindly side of American travellers, but I am sure that all classes of our countrymen seemed most friendly, and I received kindness alike from the merchant with his millions and the mechanic with his frugal purse. We had on board our ocean steamer over two hundred passengers, and the only man who might be accused of rudeness was the very man who would boast probably of his blood, while no one was more gentle and social than the young man who united large fortune to a good home and liked to make all about him and the charming little family agreeable. I met this young man again at Cologne, and went up the Rhine to Mayence in his company ; and it was pleasant to see how much he was liked. Of course his money was welcome, and the landlord under the shadow of the great Cathedral, who was merchant as well as host, did not forget that the Steinberger Cabinet found an appreciative purchaser ; yet the gentle manners graced the generous outlay, and when I accepted my friend's invitation to ride with him from the hotel to the station, I found him in a grand barouche with liveried servants which the grateful Boniface had procured for such

eminent guests whom he wished greatly to see again.

Quite different, yet equally honorable, was my association with another American in Normandy. I met first at Dieppe, a plain, kindly, intelligent man, who was eager to see all that was to be seen and went at his work of pleasure in a straightforward, business sort of way. At Rouen we took the same carriage and went to the same hotel. I found that he had begun life as a sailor, and now was in a modest mechanical business in Philadelphia, and had a little money, with which he was determined to see as much of Europe as possible. We spent a day together, in driving about that romantic old city, in which the chimneys of scores of cotton mills are outumbering the spires of the old Norman churches. We went to the square where Joan of Arc was burned and looked upon her statue. We visited the grand old Cathedral and climbed the high hill of the new and splendid Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secour; we saw where William the Conqueror died and where Henry the Eighth was feasted, and my companion was all eyes and ears to see and hear whatever illustrated the history of these scenes. When we came to the rich Museum

of Antiquities, and I bought the large French catalogue, he inquired eagerly for a copy in English, and was much disappointed that there was none. He conversed sensibly, had good manners and good principles, and had evidently been schooled among his Baptist friends in pretty stiff religious convictions. I liked the man very much, and parted from him with regret. Two things impressed me most as we separated. He insisted that I should lunch with him at his expense, and he took the third-class car to Paris, thus showing courtesy and self-sacrifice at once. I met him sometime afterwards at Paris, in the Louvre, where he was feasting upon the inexhaustible riches of the pictures, statuary and antiquities there. He declared that Paris was a perfect Paradise, and I believe he took the Christian and not the Mohammedan view of what Paradise means, and enjoyed innocently and gratefully the beautiful grounds, buildings and arts of that peerless metropolis. He is a specimen of what Abraham Lincoln called the Plain People of America ; and we may well prize them as he did, for they are the strength and hope of the country, and on the whole the most marked class of Americans. Our upper class does not differ much from the upper class of

European society so far as manners and refinement are concerned, but there is no such middle class in Europe as our plain people, no class so well taught and well bred, so dignified and gentle, so independent and respectful.

Our plain people are not rude, and with us the term gentleman and lady do not have their usual European meaning. With us these words refer to character, and not mainly, as in Europe, to birth or position. With us a gentleman is a man of gentle spirit, who subdues his selfish impulses into social courtesy, and bears a thoughtful and genial humanity in his speech and habit. Such persons are found among us in all stations, and my friend at Rouen was unquestionably one of that class. It seemed to me that the English middle class showed a kind of sycophancy to the aristocratic class, which they sometimes tried to disguise by a tone of indifference or dislike, while few of them have the dignity and modesty of our plain people.

We have had so much of late to cheer us as a nation that we are not particularly in danger of being abashed by the titles and insignia of European aristocracy. It is, however, a matter of some importance how we are to treat persons of such position

when we are in their presence. If we do not like them it is very easy to keep out of their way, and we are at perfect liberty to let them alone ; but if we seek their society as Americans are apt to do, we must expect to conform to their social usages, so far as not to insult or seem to insult them. An intelligent American sees at once that there is no class of persons in Europe on the whole superior to our own best class, and he is soon cured of all uncomfortable man-worship or caste-worship. He sees, moreover, that men of the highest position are not greedy for adulation, and are content with the most modest and simple recognition of their position. No American, of course, will thrust himself into such society by his importunity, and no matter how good our letter of introduction may be, it is always well to give the other party a chance to let us alone, and to allow him to notice us or not. I was very shy of the *grande*s of Europe, especially of England, and expected to be vigorously let alone by them. It was at first quite embarrassing to sit at table with men nominally of a wholly new class to me, and something of a puzzle to know how to address them. But it soon became clear that they were only educated, well-bred gentlemen, like our

best people at home, and that they had little to do with their titles in friendly society. They seemed to speak to each other in the simplest way, and say "you" generally, instead of "your Grace," "my Lord" and the like, and only when presenting distinguished persons to others the full title is given. I think that it is good breeding in England to address a distinguished person once by his title, and afterwards to say "you" or "sir." I heard Tyndall, the philosopher, address the Prince of Wales at a public meeting, and after calling him "Your Royal Highness" once or twice, he spoke to him simply as "sir," which I thought was a slip of the tongue, until I learned otherwise and was assured that it was proper even to speak to the Queen as "Madame," after addressing her as "Your Majesty." These are little matters, but they are becoming more important as the best bred people in Europe and America are coming together and we wish to be mutually agreeable.

I much prefer our American way of calling people by their most characteristic titles. We call our President simply "President," our senators, "Senator," our generals and admirals, "General" or "Admiral." It would be pleasant to do the same

abroad, and say "King," "Queen," "Duke," "Earl," "Lord," "Prince," "Archbishop," "Bishop," "Cardinal," or "Pope," without any circumlocution, and some persons do so, like the English author who visited a famous duke and called him "Duke," instead of "your Grace," without giving offence. It is evident that Europeans do not wish to intrude their conventional dignities upon reluctant Americans, and that we are exempted from a great deal of their tyranny of caste by a courtesy that tries to receive us on our own basis of society instead of theirs. Nothing is more offensive to the upper classes abroad than the sycophancy that humbles itself into the dust to win their favor, and is ready to boast of that favor in a domineering tone among plain people below that charmed circle.

There is nothing in European manners to trouble an American's self-respect unless at the Papal Court. At Venice, the Prince of Prussia came to our hotel, and we Americans turned out with others to receive him ; and when we took off our hats, he, like a gentleman, took off his hat also. As to the Pope of Rome and the whole Roman etiquette, I confess to having the old-fashioned stiff-necked, stiff-kneed obduracy. If he offers prayer, as a minister, to the

almighty God, it is easy to kneel with him ; or if he administers what the Church regards as a divine sacrament, it is no sycophancy to kneel at the altar where he ministers ; but this homage to the person of a frail man like ourselves is very repulsive, and ought not to be expected. Of course, if we visit him we must expect to do what the rules of his house require, or we had better stay away. Yet it will be a great relief to many when this man-worship is done away, and the Bishop of Rome can be approached with the simple respect that is due to all men of his class and profession.

It would be very instructive and interesting if we could have as minute and accurate a census of our people who are in Europe as we have of those who are at home. We could then know how many Americans go abroad, how long they stay, what is their occupation, what their income, and what places they most love. Perhaps it would be too much to ask for some adequate estimate of their influence upon European ideas and institutions, and to try to ascertain how far they are exemplars and advocates of the republican virtues. Too many of our people, I fear, go abroad mainly to take their ease or follow their pleasures, and fall in at once with the tide of

foreign opinion and prejudice, folly, and perhaps, vice. There ought to be far more national sentiment among our American families residing abroad, more resolution in upholding our best ideas and institutions, and in helping the worthy leaders of European opinion in carrying out wholesome reforms.

The nations that are rising to popular liberty are intensely interested in our experience, and it is a great question whether English conservatism or American democracy is to hold the light and give the word for the new march of reform. The higher classes, as in Italy look with most affection to English precedent, and would like their state and church modelled much after the English pattern, while the mass of the people, especially the workingmen, prefer our democracy, and are willing to take all its dangers with its bold affirmation of liberty and equality. It is remarkable, yet not unaccountable, that we, as yet, feel little of that stormy socialism that is rising into such enormous proportions in Europe and presenting the hardest of all problems to the political economist and statesman. I attended an industrial congress in June, in London, and met a large body of men who brought careful reports of the successful efforts everywhere made to bring

labor into better relations with capital and make the workman share in the profits of the employer. When France was called upon for reports, no less a person than the exiled Count of Paris stood up among others to speak ; when America was called, no delegate appeared to report the number of co-operative societies among us. I suppose that we have comparatively little to report, and that while we have noisy political associations, who are trying to stir up hatred between employers and workmen, and trades-unions that tyrannize over employers and workmen alike, we have done comparatively little to carry out the best modern ideas of the true relation between the two. Probably our very prosperity has prevented our giving the subject due attention ; and our people have such prizes of wealth before their eyes, and the workman so soon and so often becomes the capitalist and the employer, that we have not had any regular and permanent classes to carry on the great discussion and settle the true relation of labor and capital ; while everywhere in Europe the social question is the most threatening of all problems. I found the merchants and manufacturers of England and the statesmen of Germany and France full of the subject ; and I believe that

in the next great change in European affairs the revolution will turn not so much upon political as upon social and economical questions ; and it will be seen what limits are to be set to the accumulation of wealth, and what protection is to be given to the men from whose toil the wealth must come.

American books are making their way even into Italy, and I was glad to see " Franklin's Life " in a shop-window at Milan, although not far from the window where American gin cocktails were advertised with more emphatic lettering and color, and probably with more immediate prospect of patronage. It is comforting, too, to find so many of our scholarly men abroad and in hearty communication with the best students and thinkers of Europe. It was most cheering to see your paper with other leading American journals, in so many centres of society, and to find the face of your senior editor, Bryant, no strange sight abroad. All our chief poets are familiar European names, and it was quite refreshing to meet Longfellow in Paris, with that patriarchal beard and mild, bright eye of his, that so well interprets his genius as the poet of the old wisdom and the new hope, who sings so well of Europe to America and of America to Europe. He bears his

great honors most modestly, and seems to wish to do all in his power to point out the things best worth seeing abroad and the best way of seeing them. We certainly have as nice people as there are anywhere on earth, and our main deficiencies come from the hurry of our young life and our want of the finish which time and its many ripe arts have given to the Old World.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.



Our Women Abroad.

Our sculptor, Larkin Meade, is finishing at Florence a stately group of statuary representing Columbus receiving his commission to sail for the New World from Queen Isabella. The marble shows that woman gave America to Europe, and the marble also is showing in many exquisite portraits, busts and ideal statues, that woman is giving Europe to America, or gaining dominion over European men by a new and rare type of feminine beauty, It is too great a subject for me to treat now—this matter of the conquest of Europe by our Yankee Isabellas. Much has been done in many ways by women some of whom are handsome, some rich and some strong-minded. Without doubt the romance and journalism, very likely the history, of the next half-century will turn largely upon the reaction of

American upon European society, and of course upon the influence of our women, who are getting to be in so many ways the sovereigns here, and who are not wholly content with their established and legitimate petticoat government. At present I would trust more to the efficacy of an embassy of our loveliest and gentlest ladies than to a delegation of our strong-minded heroines; but who knows what may come and how soon the fattest offices abroad may fall into the hands of the Female Suffrage Association?

So far as numbers are concerned, we need not complain of being inadequately represented abroad by our women. A traveller is surprised not only at the numbers that he meets on the way, but at those who make their homes in Europe. It is said that there are three hundred and fifty American families in the city of Dresden alone this season, and it is easy to see why they like to stay there. It is a dull place, indeed, for men who wish to be wide awake and forever on the wave of business or politics, but it is a desirable home for quiet families where there are children to educate and daughters to train in refined arts and social accomplishments.

There is music in all forms, beautiful art in won-

derful richness, a mild climate, and, to crown all, a royal court that is accessible to the wives and daughters of good republicans.

Undoubtedly economy is a leading motive in taking so many American women abroad, for habits there are much less expensive than here, the same articles of dress costing much less, and a smaller variety being required. The expenses of young girls there are next to nothing, for a school-girl in Europe has neat clothing, but nothing of what we call dress. I met an elegant New York mother in Paris, who had placed three or four pretty daughters at boarding-school there, with no articles in the wardrobe more showy than the plain black gowns of the regulation pattern. Surely a great change from our New York fashions, which bring all the treasures of the dressmaker, milliner, and sometimes even of the jeweller to bear upon the pet girl of fourteen or fifteen years, who is forced to bloom out into the precocious woman when she should be in the bud of her childhood. Not only is dress thus less expensive abroad, but, as I said in a previous article, the whole method of living is simpler. The choice here at home is between an expensive house and an hotel or a costly boarding-house. It is

difficult, almost impossible, to procure here, for a moderate price, comfortable apartments free from nuisances and with proper privacy. The moment we go into cheap quarters, we find that the nasty goes with the cheap, and we are lucky if dirt is our only bad neighbor. In Dresden, Florence, or Paris—nay, even in Rome—we can find good rooms generally for a small sum, where we can live and see our friends as readily and independently as if we owned the whole building. I called on two American ladies in Rome last November, far up in an old palace, and found them as much at home as in their own father's house on the Connecticut. They had their servant to look after their table, and they could have a carriage at any time to take them to a concert, gallery, or church, or to the Campagna, without being dependent upon anybody else in the house. Here with us those ladies would be held responsible for the whole establishment, and their character and fortune would be mixed up with the whole neighborhood. Such instances explain the fact that so many women go abroad to find frugal living and refined associations at once. There is generally, of course, some man of character to advise them, yet a good banker is often a sufficient

protection, and it seemed to me that some of our most accomplished women had learned to take care of themselves altogether.

Other motives may enter into the matter and draw our women to Europe. They are curious to see new forms of nature, art and society, or they are in delicate health and seek the benefit of a foreign climate, or they are discontented and impatient to try the effect of new scenes and excitements. There is moreover something in European life that especially meets and ministers to a certain delicacy of taste and feeling that is quite characteristic of our most accomplished and susceptible women. Here with us business carries the day and society smells too much of the shop. Many of our worthy men have next to no thought or conversation beyond the dollar, and they are far below their wives and daughters in taste and culture. We have indeed great aptitude for the beautiful arts, but little experience of them, and little of that finest art that discovers and appreciates social graces and harmonies, and the exquisite traits of feminine beauty and style that give society its charm. Probably there is here as much of the home love that gives the wife and mother her due place in the household as anywhere

on earth, and this is after all the great thing ; yet something more is wanted, that does not abound with us, and life tends socially too much to be prosaic and utilitarian. It may be partly vanity, but not wholly that, which sends abroad so many fair and accomplished women, both married and single. There is that in their look and tone that seems to say virtually something like this : " We are not at home here, in our own country ; we are daughters of a more genial clime and more gentle tastes ; we are not appreciated here, and there is a great deal in us that does not come out under this cold sky and rude society ; we are off to Europe to try our lot there, to see what the arts and nature there are, and to take notes of the women and perhaps of the men." So, many go away sadly, and sometimes more sadly return, for this earthly life of ours is not all Paradise, and we may as well make up our minds that there is a great deal to suffer everywhere.

I confess, however, that our American women in Europe appeared to me on the whole cheerful—especially those at housekeeping with their families—and perhaps for a very commonplace reason. The plague of servants is comparatively a mild malady on the Continent, and our friends seem to

be able to command such service as they want. Probably the democratic spirit that has done so much to unsettle European society and break up the old feudal ties between masters and servants has thus far helped our American families abroad, by transferring to their hands and ready pay the service that used to wait upon titled personages. Money with moderate refinement is now becoming aristocracy, and servants are to be had in Europe for fair pay. Ladies have told me that words cannot exaggerate the comfort of having servants who are thoroughly trained to their work and disposed to do it well, and with a wholesome sense of the fact that others are ready to fill their places. Here in America it is not so, and sometimes seven dinners in one week are spoiled by as many cooks in turn, who agree as much in exorbitant demands for wages as they differ in the rare variety of their waste and wickedness. French people, indeed, complain of the present race of mercenary servants, and of the decline of the old feudal reverence, very much as our southern neighbors complain of their changed household service. They say that it is not safe for the parlor to listen to what is said in the kitchen, and that there is always discontent with wages, and

sharp criticism of the manners and temper of the household dignitaries. But they also say that some of the old nuisances have vanished ; that the roguish valet and the intriguing lady's maid have ceased to be characters of French society, and their places have been taken by less romantic and less dangerous servitors.

Of course there are many and serious drawbacks to American life abroad, and pleasure is too often won at the cost of character. There is danger of losing the proper household and national tone, and bringing up children in objectionable ideas. The foundation of family peace and dignity is religious principle ; and it is not easy to keep the true religious spirit in the midst of institutions so strange to us and which make a gay merrymaking of the day that we are taught to keep sacred at church and home. Some American families abroad appear to lose all their serious temper, and to give up their Protestant ways without adopting any others in their place ; they frolic on Sundays, and go to races and theatres with their Catholic friends, without going also with them to morning mass and week-day festivals and fasts. It is the same with social usages, and some women who enter into all the

liberty that European manners allow to wives are far from watching with European prudence over the career of their daughters, and leave them sadly at the mercy of beauty-seekers and fortune-hunters.

It has been and is now apparently the aim of some American women to go abroad to find husbands either for themselves or their daughters, so that the whole subject has assumed serious importance ; and probably at this very hour there are scores, perhaps hundreds of American girls abroad, who are thinking of the matter for themselves, with an eye to a direct applicant for their hand. We know very well that good matches are sometimes made there, and that Germans, and even Frenchmen and Italians, have made good husbands to our daughters. But the chances are quite the other way, and the difference of birth and manners is apt to be a root of discord. There is a difference in the very starting idea of the marriage relation between the two worlds, and an American woman cannot expect to find in a foreign husband the same thorough recognition of her asserted equality to him that prevails in our own American men. In one respect there is generally no mincing the matter on the part of the European lover. He goes at once to business, and before he

makes open love to the daughter he puts the matter of money to the father, and finds out exactly what he may expect. This is not a charming aspect of the love relation to our American vision; for we take it for granted that a man ought to marry mainly for love. We have what we call the American system on this subject, and it is the best system with all due wisdom in carrying it out. It seems to keep its place with our best families in Europe, and I was greatly pleased, in Paris, to hear a fine girl who had been asked in marriage by an Italian prince, on certain financial conditions within her ability, say that she was wholly American on that point—American, I think she said “to the backbone.” She meant to say that she should marry the man who loved her and whom she loved, and she was not in the market for a bid.

There is something, indeed, to be said in behalf of this open bargaining for a wife; for a man adds to his expenses by marriage; and it is a comfort to have a little help in meeting the extra outlay. Yet the foreign custom robs marriage of its sanctity by making money the first thing, and tempting men to bestow their affection upon mistresses and reserve their too cold thrift and prudence for the wife. Too

often a reprobate, who has squandered his patrimony in gambling and licentiousness, looks to a wife to save him from utter ruin, and perhaps pay what are called the debts of honor. We have had full enough of this thing, and it is time that our American parents understood what they are doing with their daughters. It seemed to me that Americans had lowered themselves very much by falling into foreign ways, and even going to their extremes. A lady, in a high official position in Paris, told me that she had received a formal proposition from a leading marriage-broker to furnish him with a list of American girls who wished to unite their wealth with the titles of young Frenchmen of rank, and that the fellow did not appear to think that he was overstepping the limits of propriety in making the suggestion. It was to be an honorable piece of business on his part—the men offered were to be bona fide gentle or noble blood, and no compensation was expected until the negotiation had been completed. The plan was to cover the Italian as well as the French market, and the broker had on his lists the merchantable officers of the Pope's Zouaves, as well as a large assortment of the poor gentry of France. Very likely we laugh too re-

morselessly at such doings, and forget that there is something to be said on that side in behalf of matching that old European blood and culture with our new beauty and money. But the idea becomes utterly monstrous when affinity and congeniality are lost sight of, and it is necessary in order to render a lovely girl acceptable to a needy nobleman, that she should be covered with gold and in many instances change her religion also.

His Holiness, the Pope, appears to be wise in many ways, and not to despise for others the nuptial tie that is refused to himself, and our beautiful women are welcome to Rome and find much that is attractive there. The Noble Guard, who surround the Pope, are probably thought to be high prizes; and they are indeed wonderful specimens of manly form and countenance, not without obvious and ample consciousness of the fact. I met one of them, one night last November, quite late, on the Piazza di Spagna, under the new monument of the Virgin, and thought at first that it was Hamlet's ghost just from some Roman theatre—that tall figure with helmet and plume and long shroud-like cloak of white merino. On nearer view it was a stately soldier gorgeously dressed.

There are good men in Rome, and report says that one of our New York belles has made a great match there, and is to marry not only the handsomest man in Italy, but one pure, and honorable, and Christian. But all such unions have a dark cloud in their horizon, and home life there is not what it is with us; nor is the record on the whole cheerful. Even in Germany and Switzerland, which are more like America, the wife is not regarded as with us, and the husband is master, more than mate. I remember, years ago, in a New Hampshire village, having for a transient parishioner a lovely lady who had come with her child to be out of the reach of the stern Swiss husband who had won her from her princely American home to chill her by his cold despotism. Her face was one that might have been put into marble as an ideal nymph, such was the delicacy of feature and grace of expression. I thought of her last September, on a Sunday afternoon, as I rambled among the rich vineyards of Vevay towards the chateau to which she went, years before, as a blooming bride, and the terrace upon which she stepped among all that profusion of flowers. That was her home, her palace; yet her prison. She could not bear it, and fled to her old

American home for relief—not from wickedness or vice, I believe, but from coldness and tyranny. As I looked upon that chateau and turned my face homeward, I thought that I would make some note of the experience, and advise American parents and daughters to be content with American husbands, and prefer modest comfort to the chance of splendid misery. Some prizes there are in that showy lottery ; but the blanks are far more numerous, and more emphatic I am sure.

I saw many American women abroad, and had great reason to be grateful to them for their sociality and intelligence, and also for the delicacy and good sense of their general bearing in public. Yet I must allow that there is much prejudice against them in Europe, especially among their own sex. It may be that women are not very fond of each other in general, and that our country-women in particular are too pretty to find much favor with their English and French cousins. Whatever may be the cause, they are not praised by women abroad, and they are said to be pert, intrusive, rude, over-dressed, loud and unfeminine. Undoubtedly there is some truth in the accusation, and during the dynasty of King Shoddy the Great, some of the

females least prized in our home market were exported to Europe, to the terror of many beholders. I met a very few such specimens abroad, and I remember how one very pretty girl startled me when she opened her mouth with a tone like a screech-owl instead of the dove or lark that I had been looking for within those pleasant lips. But I met with no American women half so coarse as some of the English and French.

We probably encourage or allow too much freedom of manner in our American girls, and something of the reserve in which daughters are kept in Europe might be well here. The motive of our social liberty is a good one in the main, for it comes from entire confidence in the right principle and delicacy of our girls, and their ability to take care of themselves ; but if we are learning that they need more caution as to their association with young men in their own country, where men are so generally respectful and chivalrous, much more caution is needed abroad, where men so often look upon women as fair game, and will in the blandest way take every possible advantage of them, and even lie about them, pretending to a conquest that they have never made. It is not necessary for our girls

to go through the streets of Paris, Milan or Florence, like the young ladies there, with eyes downcast, as if blind to every thing masculine, and under the guard of some grim duenna ; neither is it necessary for them to flaunt through the streets unattended, and with faces quite ready to stand the fire of men's eyes. Certainly some of our women demean themselves and their sex in Europe. It is easy for a pretty wife or maiden to win the notice of men by free manners that the highest social code forbids ; but such notice is dearly bought, and in some cases it has cost the bitter pain of disgrace and ruin.

It is becoming a frequent and pressing question with parents how they shall best take their daughters to Europe, and every year finds numbers of American families living abroad, and others on the way for a passing tour. It is too much to expect of most parents that they should break up the old home and live abroad; and it is not often easy to carry all the children away, especially those who have grown up to some business or profession. But it is not much to spend eight months or a year abroad, and probably the best time for daughters to go is after they have gone through their school

education, and they need the knowledge, polish and health that come from a judicious foreign tour. They can see nature and art, hear music, note manners and customs, enjoy new forms of society, study the worship and religious thought of the old world in a most profitable manner, and return refreshed in health and spirits, with more heart and hope for their own country, and stronger faith in the providential purposes of God in the geography of the globe and the history of the race. Great use can be made of such travel in gathering stores of little or great treasures of art, and they who cannot buy original statues and pictures can afford to buy a good collection of bronzes, photographs and engravings, that will greatly enrich the home, throw around all coming years the fragrance of their travels, and help our American women in their great work of winning to beauty and refinement the rough material of this great continent.

I ought not to omit to say that Europe is full of stories of the laxity of our American social code, and principles and actions that are looked upon by us as exceptional are spoken of as American characteristics. I was asked in England, in apparent simplicity, if Hepworth Dixon's book gave a fair view of American

life, and whether Free Love was making headway.

Such slanders are not likely to gain much headway abroad if we are fairly represented there by our true women, who still hold to the Eternal Rock on which the house rests, and learn from the Bible and Prayer-book, not from flashy novels, what a daughter, wife and mother should be. I met many such representatives of the sex in Europe, alike in high official stations and in chance acquaintances, and was surprised at the number of our women who are pursuing serious plans of education abroad, and especially the various forms of art education. Rome has quite a company of our female artists, very gifted and agreeable, although it would be better for them, I think, to hold more to the good old ways, and not fall into the æsthetic pantheism which is the curse of so much of the art of the nineteenth century. Our female authors too are well known abroad, Mr. Motley was much amused by being asked by a courtly personage at table, in Vienna, if we had any national literature as celebrated as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," apparently unaware of the fact that our Minister himself had written some noted books, and perhaps lowered himself in courtly eyes by stooping from diplomacy to letters.

THE RHINE AND THE INN.



The Rhine is an old story, and has played its part in song and romance for ages ; yet it took me by surprise, and I did not expect to see half so much majesty in its waters, and beauty and grandeur along its banks. The river Inn was to me on the contrary, almost a new story ; yet it surprised me still more in the wonderful variety in its flow and and its scenery.

What travellers and poets usually call the Rhine is seen in a day's easy voyage from Cologne to Mayence, and was to us more like a dream than a matter of fact. We went from Cologne to Bonn by rail, and thence, with some help from the spirit of Beethoven, that breathed music from a fine bronze statue near his birthplace, we steamed along that enchanted way, till the moon gently came up to temper

the dazzling splendor of the scenes ; and under her milder ray we approached the famous old town of Mayence, and slept near the Cathedral which holds the dust of so many of the great as to be called the Westminster Abbey of Germany. It is easy to see why it is that fame has been busy mainly with this short reach of the river, and neglected the Lower Rhine, the three hundred miles between Cologne and the sea, and has done comparatively little to celebrate the longer Upper Rhine, from Basel to its rise among the glaciers of St. Gothard and the Grisons. The Lower Rhine has more of the elements of utility than beauty to win favor, and is moreover so divided into rival branches as to distract attention, while the Upper Rhine is so various and broken, and so identified with the characteristic features of the striking scenery through which it passes, as to be more a feature of the Swiss mountains and valleys than a thing of beauty and sublimity by itself.

I saw the Rhine at evening at Cologne, after a long and fatiguing ride from Paris, on one of the hottest of July days. The first thing was to go from the hotel to the great Cathedral, which was near by, and a vision of enchantment in the lights

and shadows of the moon ; and then to turn back, not many steps, to the bank of the river. There it was—so long desired, yet never before seen—the Rhine of Germany and the world—so much broader and grander than I had thought, and so much enhanced by the art that magnified the flowing waters that it tried to limit with the bridge of boats above, and the bridge of iron below. Near me were piles of substantial merchandise, that showed how thrifty as well as stately is Father Rhine, and there was a wholesome hint to the romantic pilgrim, in the barrels of provisions and pigs of lead or tin, that told him that men must have food and shelter as well as landscapes and vines to fill out their human life. It was clear as never before, why they began in 1248 to lay the foundation of the great Cathedral there, which Prussia is now completing at such cost. There are no mountains near by, nothing to match or interpret the majesty of the river ; and as if to arrest these flowing waters and lift their horizontal lines upward from their too easy and worldly course to the sea, Meister Gerard planned, or rather conceived, that wonderful structure which is virtually the mighty Rhine done into stone, and with all its streams and branches from the mountain to the sea.

poured upwards in marvellous fountains in those vaulted arches, endless pinnacles and soaring spires. The stained glass windows, the pictures and statues within, fill out the work, and tell the story of pretty much every great thing that has been done by the civilization that has dwelt upon that river, while the music of the organ gives voice to the stream and rehearses the torrents and the prayers and hymns of prophets, saints and martyrs there.

From Bonn to Mayence the navigation is good for steamers of fair size. Lower down there is no grand scenery, and further up there is so much of it that you must quit the river and try your luck to find a lookout. All day the charm held on, and the river seemed to be a stream of melody that flowed ever on as the accompaniment of that wonderful harmony of landscape that comes on either side from village and city, convent and church, fresh vineyard and crumbling ruin, lovely valley and craggy peak. Great as the impression of nature was, I am not ashamed to confess to feeling something of the influence of the charming society on our deck, and of the music of humanity, still and gentle, but not sad, that spoke from the lips of goodly men and women in our company. Pleasant

was the chat of my genial New York friend R—— and his bright little southern wife. Quite new was it to converse with a cultivated Welsh family, and to read in the mother's good sense and the daughter's beauty and accomplishments, the features of the best homes of Wales. Old England, too, was there, in a family from Regent's Park, London ; and the wide-awake girl had the brightness without the folly of the girl of the period, and knew French and German as well as her more pearly-faced Welsh cousin. Germany also was there, in many representatives ; but perhaps it is my perverseness that makes me remember chiefly one good-natured Teuton who was always setting fire, outside or inside—drinking when he was not smoking, and smoking when he was not drinking—yet kind and philosophical under each experience, as if he meant to smoke himself sober and drink himself cheerful. Germany, too, was there in the whole scenery, and seemed to come out into visible form when the names of her master poets appeared on the wheels of two steamers that crossed each other's path, and the spirits of Goethe and Schiller then spoke to us of their great inspirations in the charming air of that midsummer day. How strange it seems that

this Rhine voyage told Lord Byron so little of what now passes in the mind of Germany ; and that egotistic cynic had no hint of those leaders of German letters, who in the day of his Childe Harold had written their great works, and one of whom (Schiller) had been for years in his grave—since 1805, the year that brought Goethe's Faust to light.

I looked upon the Middle Rhine at Mayence for the last time, early in the morning, from the dome of the Cathedral, and then passed on in haste to Berlin at night, by way of Frankfort ; then quietly during that month to Dresden, Prague, Nuremberg, Munich, Salzburg, Innspruck, where the river Inn opened its treasures, and kept me within its fascinations for some ten days, till, rounding the circle, I reached the upper waters of the Rhine among the Grisons. Why this river has been so little spoken of by travellers, and so little celebrated in poetry and romance, is very strange ; not perhaps so strange when we learn that the most unique and memorable portion of it has been, until within a few years, little known even to Europe—I mean that portion of it that flows through the Engadine country, and there takes its rise. Certainly this stream well answers to its name, for it is the inward or interior

river, that seems to try to hide itself from sight as eagerly as the Middle and Lower Rhine delights to spread its broad current before the eyes. If we say, "Father Rhine," we may as well say, "Mother Inn," for this river is intensive and mysterious like a woman, and in some sunny vales retreats and reappears like a coquetting Hebe, and in some mountain passes withdraws and then reveals itself, like a mystical Egeria. The Inn is certainly the most romantic part of the great trunk of the Danube waters to which it belongs, and its beauty makes us at once wonder and rejoice that it is not confounded with the Danube, into which it pours after a course of two hundred and fifty miles from the glaciers in the mountains of the upper Engadine. Its way through the Tyrol, from Rosenheim to Nauders, has been often enough described, although I was such a novice as to be surprised by the beauty of its countless torrents and cascades, and by the grandeur of the High Finstermünz pass, where the river runs its silver thread far down in the defile below, between gigantic mountains; and that sweet little chapel, high up on the stately road, charms you with the face of one of Raphael's loveliest madonnas as the presiding spirit of the place.

American friends may be willing to take from me a hint, for which I am very grateful to an English gentleman whom I met at Dresden, as to a route that is not put down in the guide-book—from Landeck, by the Finstermünz pass, to Nauders, and thence into Switzerland by Martinsbrück and the Engadine. I drove over Martin's Bridge at evening, and entered Switzerland just as the charmed landscape seemed lifting up its vesper hymn, and the familiar little flowers, in an old-fashioned garden by the roadside, joined their gentle voices to the swell of the river and the rise of the mountains, and the light of the vanishing sun and the dawning stars. There is a great deal of heart in these household flowers, and the honest stalk of larkspur, that looked at me over the garden wall seemed to greet me like an old acquaintance, and bid the American make himself at home in the land of the Swiss. But what a strange country is this Engadine; how different from the Inn of the Tyrol below, alike in the severity of its scenery and its religious symbolism—how grand and how dreary! On to Schulz that night, and thence the next morning to Samaden and Pontresina—above valleys of frequent beauty, yet little fertility, below mountains of

startling majesty—until evening brought me to the very throne of the ice-king, with glaciers on every side, and little that seemed like home, except the familiar waters of the Inn, that waved her silvery scarf so gracefully to her lifelong friend, the admiring moon. In the hotel, however, there was enough of hearty life, and a crowd of people from every part of Europe, especially from England, with a few stray Americans, were gathered at the table and in the coffee-room. This Pontresina seems to be the the last wonder of Switzerland, and to hold to the Bernina chain and the Engadine region the same relation that Chamouni holds to Mont Blanc, and that Interlaken holds to the Jungfrau and to the Bernese Alps. It is nearly six thousand feet above the sea, and gives easy access to the height of the Piz Languard (10,054 feet high) on the east and to the glaciers of Rosegg and Morteratsch on the south. I have before spoken of the ascent of the Piz Languard and its remarkable prospect. I will now only add that it has been known to travellers less than twenty years, that M. Ladner has made a catalogue of nearly a thousand mountains, most of them eight thousand feet or more high, that are visible from its top, and I am assured that with a

good telescope and on a fair day, one may see Mont Blanc on the west and the Great Glockner at Salzburg on the east—two points which are distant at least one hundred and twenty leagues, or three hundred and sixty miles from each other.

This Engadine, or upper valley of the Inn, is fifty-seven miles long from southwest to northeast, and is seldom more than a mile wide. Its peculiarity is the average level above the sea, which makes the valley itself actually a continuous mountain, which carries those higher mountains on its long back; the highest peak, the Bernina, being twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. It is, of course, a sterile place, with no crops of consequence except hay, and no provisions but meat from the pastures, and fish, especially trout from the rivers. It is remarkable that flowers so abound, and there are charming gardens at Pontresina at a height equal to the summit of our Mount Washington, and in climbing the Piz Languard I found a surprising abundance and variety of them from the meadows below almost to the top; near which and above the snow drift one modest little flower had taken root in the cleft of the rock, and seemed to be taking great satisfaction in

the magnificent prospect. I am told that the seeds of flowers from Italy are brought by birds over the southern slopes of the mountains, and planted and permanently harbored in the more sheltered parts of this cold and sterile region. So, great Nature carries her sweet blooms where corn and grass fail her, and beauty shines in the sunshine where utility dies of cold and hunger—emblem of the divine love that ever rejoices in God, although the olive fails and the fig-tree does not blossom, and there are no herds in the stalls. Nearly used up as I was with fatigue, the lesson of this little creature of God was cheering on that dreary height, and I went on more bravely to the top, where the grand vision was in waiting; and the wholesome lunch was the more welcome because voices there were speaking our own tongue, and I talked with an utter stranger about friends familiar to us both.

It is a short ride or walk from Pontresina to St. Moritz, and I hurried over as soon as the telegraph announced that there was a vacant room to be had. This watering place was crowded with guests, and the number was so great as to overflow into all the neighboring villages. All England seems to be pouring its invalids into this mountain retreat, which

is the highest inhabited village in Europe; and America is finding out the secret which Paracelsus is said to have discovered in 1539, when he pronounced these mineral springs to be the first of their kind in Europe. This place looked more to me like a grand hospital from the healing spirit of Nature than any I had ever visited; and although not sick, but only worn and weary with overwork and care, I sought it, instead of such resorts of fashion and vice as Baden and Homburg. I stayed as long as I could, and followed faithfully the directions of the superintending physician, which were these: "A half-glass of water every quarter-hour four times before breakfast, the last glass to be taken a half hour before breakfast. Then an hour and a half after breakfast a warm bath of twenty minutes at twenty-five degrees Reaumur; the second bath, eighteen minutes and twenty-four degrees; the third, fifteen minutes and twenty-three and a half degrees. A week of this method, somewhat modified every day, with simple living and frequent walking in an air so bracing as to make flannel most comfortable in August, gave me a favorable impression of this mountain Bethesda and the healing angel there. I felt like a new man in spirits and vigor, and I am

quite sure that any readers who are broken down by over-toil or anxiety, and who will take the regular three weeks' cure at St. Moritz, will bless me for this hint as long as they live. The water is not bad to drink, and the baths are delightful. It looks, indeed, at first, as if you were going into a mummy's sarcophagus, when you get into the wooden vessel, and the lid is closed except over your face ; but soon a mild glow comes, and the water seems to sparkle and tingle about your body as if it were a fountain of champagne. Go from the bath to a pleasant book for an hour, and then climb the easy height of St. John and feast upon the charming prospect of the Silva Plana lakes, which are worthy of being looked at from a St. John point of view, and you will find yourself prepared for your early dinner by an appetite more hopeful for your health than profitable to your hosts larder. The water is chalybeate, and its chief ingredients are carbonic acid, soda and oxide of iron.

This is the peculiar product of this upper valley of the Inn—this water, full of iron for renewing the wasted strength of the pilgrim—how different from the juice of the grape that is the peculiar product of the Rhine ! Surely here is a contrast wide

enough—the vineyard of Johannisberg and the spring of Paracelsus! I confess to having tasted of them both, and I am not bound to deny the goodness of heaven in either gift. Poets and romancers enough have celebrated that rare vintage. One who is neither poet or romancer may celebrate the virtues of that Paracelsus spring which brings the rains and dews into the channels of the mountains, and runs from the hard iron down below an elixir of health for parent and child. Thanks for Father Rhine and Mother Inn! the one with the grapes and sparkling wine, the other with her mountain flowers and sparkling water, that never biteth like a serpent or stingeth like an adder. Give nature fair play within the rule of reason and rectitude; and woe to him who abuses any gift of God. How memorable it is that the healing draught is so much more the spontaneous gift than the festive cup, and while the hand of man has carried agriculture to its highest point along the banks of the Rhine, and terraced steep hill-sides until the vineyards look more like artificial fortresses than natural gardens, for ages these mountain springs were unknown to travellers, and only within a few years have throngs come to drink of their waters. Now

all the world goes there, and I heard constant talk of the boat-race between Oxford and Harvard, and Englishmen read extracts from these letters in the Evening Post out of the English newspapers.

You would like to know a little of the history of this strange country, and I will give a few facts from such sources as have been opened to me. The only regular treatise on the subject bears the date of Geneva, 1859. It reckoned then only nine thousand souls in the whole Engadine, and only twenty-five active citizens in the village of St. Moritz. The language of the valley is unquestionably the least extended of any in Europe, the Romantsch or Ladin, since its three dialects were then the maternal tongue of but forty thousand people of the canton of the Grisons. It is not a patois or corruption of any other idiom, but an original tongue, and as much so as the French or German. Its origin is a hard nut for philologists to crack, and seems to have three elements in its composition—the Celtic of the first natives; the Etruscan of the fugitives who were driven by the Gauls from Italy; and thirdly, the Latin which came in with the Roman legions about the time of the Christian era, and which has given name to so many prominent

places, not least to the Julier Pass, which opened the way to me back towards the Rhine, over a road rising more than seven thousand feet high, and bearing on the highest point two round pillars of mica slate that have been supposed to be milestones of the time of Augustus Cæsar. It is remarkable that the national language of the Engadine has so few words like the German, which is so near; and so many words like the old French Provençal, which belongs so far away. In the middle of the sixteenth century the reformer Gallicius was the first to bring out the resources of his mother-tongue in the pulpit, and soon after, in 1560, the New Testament first appeared, and led the way to the modest Romantsch literature, which now numbers about one hundred works, mostly of a religious character. While the German tongue makes progress in the other portions of the canton of the Grisons, the old tongue holds its own quite well in the Engadine.

The Engadine, wholly unlike the Roman Catholic Tyrol on the part of the river below, with the exception of two or three hamlets near Tarasp, professes the Protestant religion, as the books usually say; although it looked to me as if the new travel were bringing the Roman Catholic religion back to

some extent. A very romantic story is told of the origin of the Reformation there. In November, 1549, a solitary Italian crossed the gorges of the Bernina, and stopped in a little inn of the village of Pontresina to pass the night. His figure was noble and characteristic and his stature lofty. He learned from the host, who was the magistrate of the place, that the parish was without a minister, and that the people were to meet at the hotel to choose one that evening. The stranger made himself known as an ancient Catholic prelate who now professed the reformed faith, and declared himself willing to address the assembly. They reluctantly consented to hear him, and after his scathing invective against the worship of images, and his vindication of the spirituality of the gospel, they were so carried away by his eloquence as to ask him to preach in the church. The magistrate asked them after church, how they liked the Italian, and one old man cried out that they must hear him again tomorrow. His next discourse was on the efficacy of the death of Christ, and so wrought on the people that they resolved to abolish the mass and to call an Evangelical pastor. So the Reformation began at Pontresina, and seven other towns immediately

followed its example. So says my Swiss chronicle of 1859, and adds that this mysterious personage, who wrought such wonders, was Pietro-Paolo Vergerio, before Bishop of Capo d'Istria, born in that little place in 1498. He was first distinguished in jurisprudence, then entered the priesthood and won great influence at Rome, whence he was sent as Papal nuncio to many German countries to calm the stormy spirit of reformation. In 1535 he had an interview with Luther, which seems to have made a mark upon him, and finally, in spite of himself, won him over to the reform. He is said to have been the founder of the first Bible Society in Germany and to have served the reformed cause in Tübingen and elsewhere until in his death in 1565.

One might spend many summers in excursions through the upper Engadine, and in studying its scenery, productions and history. I left it sooner than I wished, without even looking into the antiquities of the old square tower, which is ascribed to the times of the Saracens; and I was at once on my way over the Julier Pass towards warmer regions. On the highest point of the road I looked reverently up to the mountain glacier from which flows the torrent that is one of the sources of the

Inn. Strange that so much life and beauty and strength come from that icy realm of death and desolation, and within so short a distance of each other the Rhine and the Rhone, as well as the Inn, take their rise in perpetual icebergs. In a few hours the scene marvellously changed, and torrents, brooks and streams ran singing towards the upper Rhine, through valleys that broadened into majestic landscapes, upon which the mountains round about seemed to look as worthy play-grounds for such giants to wrestle and race in. Then on to Coire and its vineyards and churches, and the next day along the bank of the Rhine to Lake Constance, and St. Gall, within sight of that Lake Constance, into which the river plunges to reappear on the other side, on its fitful yet determined way to Germany, to sweep in glory by Mayence and Cologne.

Even then the traveller cannot quit the empire of that father of waters, for at Zurich, Lucerne and Berne the streams are all his tributaries, and the Aar, that drains so much of the loveliest region of northern Switzerland, is but a branch of the Rhine, and carries all the voices of the springs and mountains of the Bernese Oberlands to swell the anthems

that rise from the great river that rolls by the Cathedrals of Strasbourg and Cologne, and says Amen to their chants and prayers.

Surely this earth of ours is a great domain, and there is more joy and health in its land and waters than matter-of-fact men have dared to dream. The more we know and use it well, the better we shall understand the mind of God and the breadth and depth of true humanity.

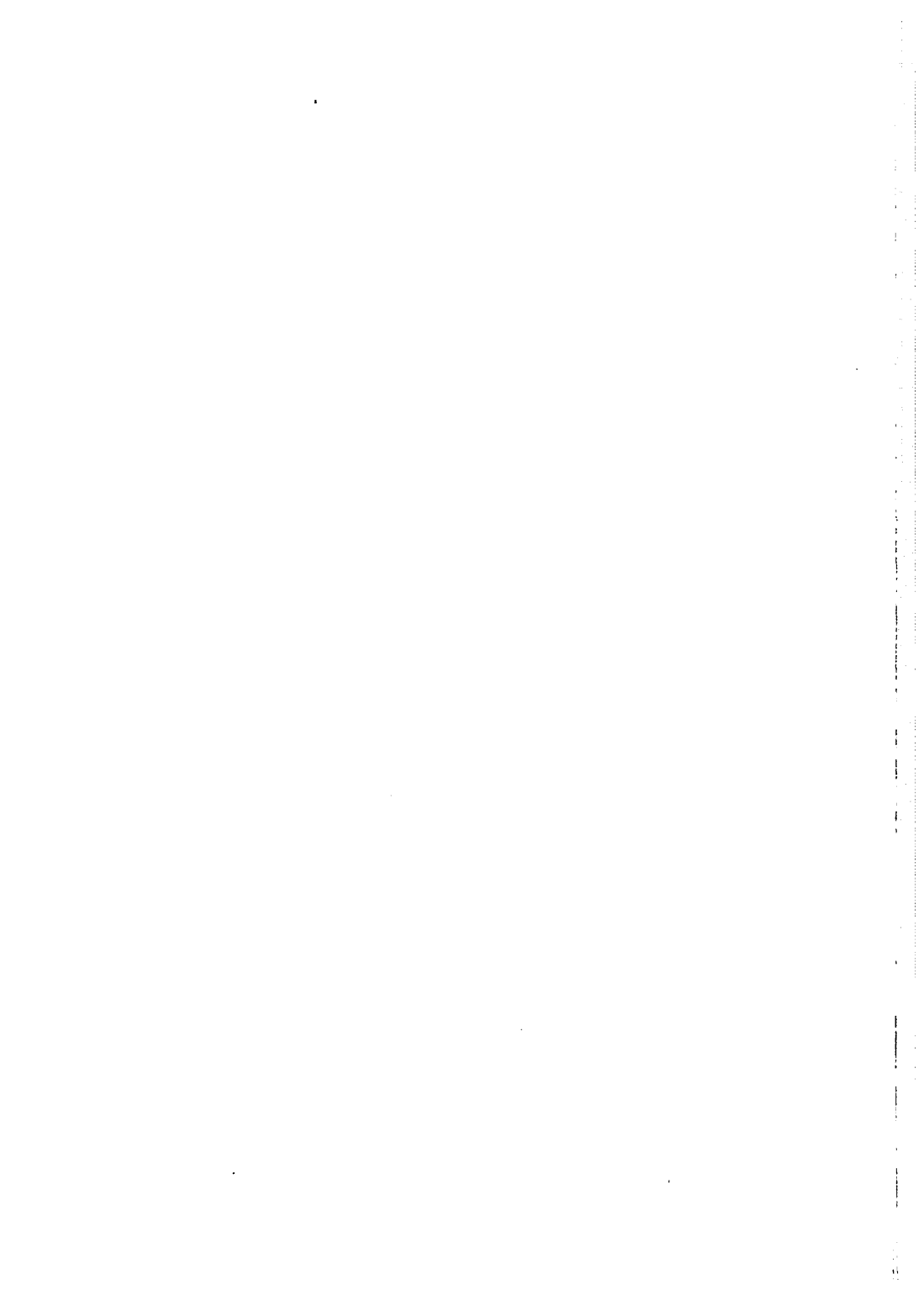
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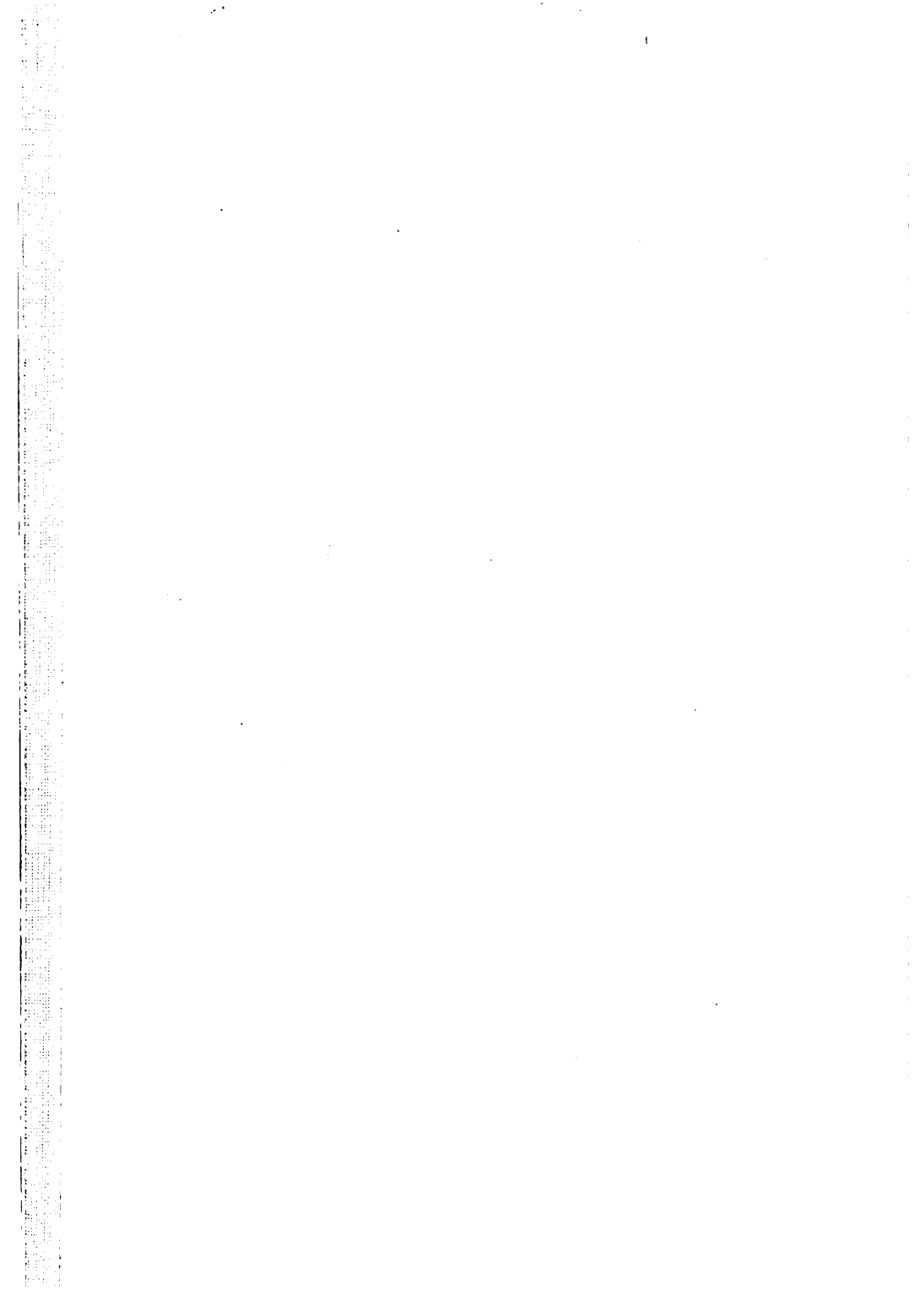
New York, March 31, 1870.

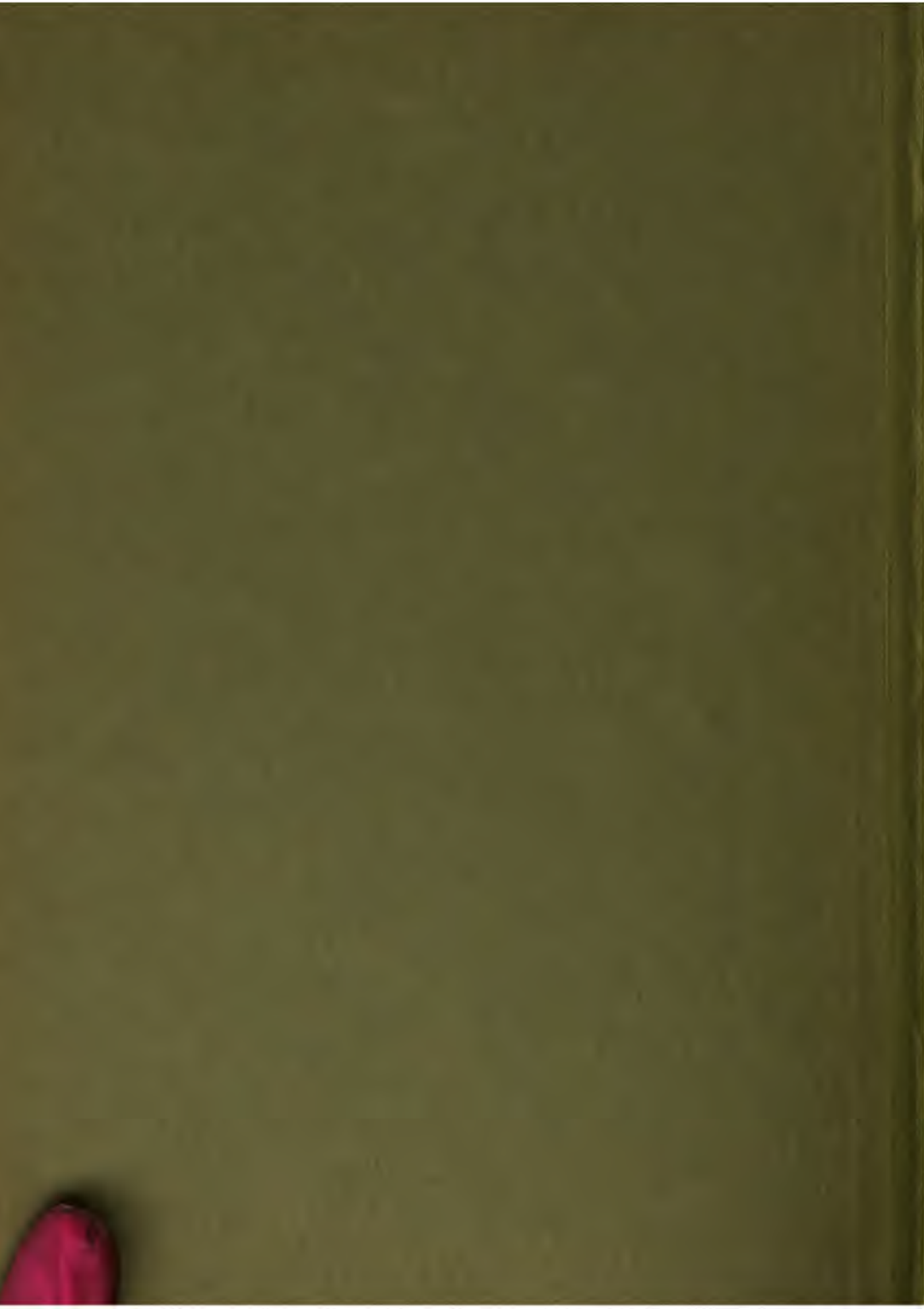


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